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KETURAH COLLINGS.

THE HON. MRS. PEASE.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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TWO POINTS IN GOOD HUSBANDRY

AFEW years hence it is not impossible that the debate on Agriculture which took place in the House of Commons last week will be regarded with amazement. None of the speakers rose to that imaginative elevation which sees the subject in its bearings and proportion. The most extraordinary paradoxes never seem to be appreciated by the House. For example, no one pointed out what a curious thing it is that the immense crop of potatoes grown last year turned out to be a misfortune to the cultivators. It is safe to say that they did not make out of that magnificent crop as much as they would have done out of a more moderate one. The potatoes, to a large extent, were not sold at all. They are sprouting now and preparing to rot in the pits. Nevertheless, as if to make the paradox very complete, it was complained that growers in Holland and other parts of Europe were exporting potatoes to this country. Now, it was surely reasonable to expect that this problem would have been faced and dealt with by the Minister of Agriculture, or some other authority. It was not; on the contrary, farmers, and well informed members of the House of Commons who are not farmers, accepted the result as a dispensation of Providence. They looked upon the occurrence as they might have done on a stroke of lightning which had destroyed a number of sheep. They were not without guidance and warning on the subject. When the Germans began to turn their attention to agriculture

seriously, they recognised that farmers should be encouraged to plant potatoes on a liberal scale. It is obvious, however, that a plant, be it never so well grown, is finally at the mercy of the season, so that the grower who has taken measures to meet a usual demand may either be confronted with a crop much below or far beyond his calculation. Now, the practice of the farmer is to cut his losses. If he has suffered from having too many potatoes one year, he will devote a smaller area to the crop for the following season. This would not be the case, however, if there was any profitable way of disposing of the surplus. The German statesmen recognised that, and gave facilities for manufacturing commercial alcohol from the overplus, and that was only one method by which they maintained that great production of foodstuffs, which has again and again been quoted and referred to since the publication of the facts by Professor Middleton.

Another matter worth attention is the statement made by Sir Robert Sanders, that allotment-holding has become so popular that at the present moment there are, roughly speaking, a million allotment-holders in this country. Sir Robert appreciated the importance of this, but his complacent references carried very little instruction with them. No doubt, he recognises the immediate value of this enthusiasm, mostly on the part of townsmen, for cultivating little plots of land. Everyone recognises that digging, sowing and cultivating generally form one of the healthiest occupations in the world. Gardeners are the longest lived of all classes. The mere fact that great numbers of townsmen find pleasure as well as profit in working their holdings in the open air is highly satisfactory. It means an increase of our home-grown food supply and, what is even better, an improvement in the physical well-being of those who have, perhaps, in the past lounged away their leisure; but surely there is more in it than all that.

The typical allotment-holder, as we knew him in the days of the war, was generally a well intentioned, but rather clumsy, handler of the spade and the hoe. It was a story typical of many others, that in a London colony of allotment-holders one of the men dug out ditches from four to six feet deep, and, on being asked why, made the reply that he was told to trench the soil—and his idea of trenching was gained from work that he had done in trenching for the defence of our sea coasts; but men so ignorant as that either removed their ignorance, and became experts, or were simply eliminated. The allotment-holder of to-day is a skilled gardener. On many of the holdings may be seen little home-made frames, and on the soil early crops of beans, peas and other vegetables which have been brought on in them. This army of a million is, in short, material out of which farmers might eventually be made. It is for the Government to make a ladder for them. Just as on a well conducted estate a man can rise from being the tenant of a quarter of an acre to the tenancy and even the ownership of a considerable farm, so might he do if the Government of the day would assume some of the duties discharged by wise and kindly landowners. In other words, the successful allotment-holder ought to be encouraged to become a small-holder working on a larger scale. Not all of them would do it, because many have occupations in town which yield them a satisfactory income; but there are others who would very gladly begin small holdings if they had a little wise encouragement. It is not a matter for endowment or the bestowal of money in any shape or form, but simply the provision for allowing the thrifty, intelligent man who is inclined that way to go more largely into the cultivation of the soil.

Our Frontispiece

THE HON. MRS. PEASE, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this week's COUNTRY LIFE, is the elder daughter of Lord Forster, the Governor-General of Australia, and was married to Mr. John Beaumont Pease on April 5th. Mrs. Pease was formerly the wife of Capt. the Hon. Harold Lubbock, Grenadier Guards, a son of the late Lord Avebury and of Lady Avebury, who was killed in the war.

* * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.

COUNTRY NOTES



WHEN these words are being read the joy bells will scarcely have ceased ringing for the Duke of York's wedding. Little remains to be said about it save that no event of the kind has stirred the great heart of England more than this union of the young Prince with the daughter of an ancient and noble family. The auspices are splendid, and if the good wishes of a nation can avail anything, they will be more than fulfilled.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY was never more worthily and more aptly kept than by the laying of the foundation of the monument commemorating the attack on Zeebrugge five years ago. The idea of Sir Roger Keyes was carried out by seamen whom Drake himself might have been proud to lead. They knew the danger. The German foe had made every possible preparation to prevent and foil such an expedition. He had placed warders on the land and on the sea, in the air and under the sea. The danger was very far from alarming the gallant hearts who volunteered for the deed. They were like courageous hounds pulling at their leashes and yelling to be after their prey. Even those who did not generally fight raged because "they weren't allowed to leave the stokehold and have a go at the Hun." A dying man was asked whether he was sorry that he had gone. "No, sir," he answered, "because I got on the Mole." "Have we won, sir? Have we won?" was the question of the wounded between decks, and they gave a British cheer when they learned that the viaduct was blown up and the block-ships had passed in.

BOTH sides, masters and men alike, are to be congratulated on the ending of the strike of Norfolk farm labourers. The men took a very reasonable view of the situation, and it is to their credit that they did not claim their complete pound of flesh. At the same time, one cannot help regretting that a dispute such as this should have arisen. Many weeks have passed in anxiety accompanied by steady loss: the men were forfeiting their wages, and the farmers were losing a golden opportunity of getting their seeds in. It should not be impossible to avoid occurrences such as this in the future by means of closer communication between the employed and their employers. If he returns from agriculture go down and the farmers can prove that they are not making profits enough out of the land, then a conference could easily be called between the two parties. It would be the farmers' business to show grounds on which lowered wages were based, and it would be for the representatives of the men to scrutinise this defence so as to convince themselves either that it was sound or not. On the other hand, the question for leaders and statesmen to take up is the enunciation of some plan that would enable the farmer to raise the wages of the labourers instead of

decreasing them. A start has been made by an extension of the beet-growing movement, which is now likely to receive new momentum, as it is paying all round. We, who are buying sugar from America to the value of forty million pounds sterling annually, have surely a good reason for trying to increase the cultivation of sugar beet.

THE letter addressed by Sir Eric Geddes to the Secretary of the Railway Clearing House is a model of force joined to courtesy. It is a reasoned document. Sir Eric reminds the railway managers that industry has been setting its house in order; in other words, most industries "have already at the cost of great sacrifices achieved a reduction in costs to a level which appears likely to be the minimum for some years to come." Then he points out that it is now the turn for those "costs over which industrial enterprises have no direct control, such as railway rates, to be similarly reduced in order to secure a position of stability." He reminds them that the traffic rates for the first quarter of 1923 show an increase that began with the reduced rates. They rose steadily above the figures for the corresponding dates in 1922. His suggestion is that the railway companies should voluntarily adopt "a bold and generous policy." A voluntary reduction, to the lowest possible level, effected at an early moment would just give that feeling of confidence in the future stability of costs and prices which would stimulate business and extend employment, and he expressed the opinion that the railway companies themselves would gain by an increase in the volume of traffic. Co-operation between the public and the railway companies is a necessity, and the latter "have now an unparalleled opportunity to gain the confidence, co-operation and goodwill of industry and the public generally." They cannot afford to neglect it.

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.

Temperance, our cook,
This windy morning (come and look . . .),
Has run out for a sprig of mint
Or parsley. How her lilac print
Flutters. It's Sunday as you know,
Most of us have gone to church, and so
Doris the housemaid dances up and down
In a forget-me-not cotton gown;
Her cap is gone, her head is bare,
I never knew she had such shining hair . . .
Laughing aloud,
Because their aprons blow out like a cloud,
With streaming bands
And half restraining hands,
They run
Under the April sun . . .
They'll have a bunch of small jonquils
And daffodils
Soon,
To carry home this afternoon. . . .
We must not pry,
For goddesses are shy,
I've heard them say—
And I'd be sorry if we frightened these away!

GRACE JAMES.

THE early days of the great are always interesting. What, therefore, our leading painter, Mr. Augustus John, whose exhibition is drawing crowds to the Alpine Galleries, did on leaving the Slade School may be worth recording. The School of Architecture in the University of Liverpool needed a teacher in drawing and, applying to Mr. D. S. MacColl, was recommended to appoint Mr. John. In those days the School of Architecture had, as a relic of the old Arts and Crafts movement, a section of applied arts. Here the earnest amateurs of the town learnt, among other things, to hammer brass and make modern jewellery. Into this strange collection of young architects learning to make elementary drawings from the cast, and young ladies learning to make pretty things came Mr. John with his volcanic personality. It was obvious that something exciting would happen: and it did. Life classes were started or revived, and those who came to play remained to draw. Very soon the students from the other art schools in the town moved over to the sheds in which,

in those days, the School of Architecture and its allied students had to work. A strong group of young artists soon formed themselves, with John as their prophet, master and critic.

THE PRINCE OF WALES was very happily inspired in the passage of his speech at the Guildhall on Monday night when he descanted about England as home. It was prefaced by some excellent chaff which hinted that the definition of "some of their elders" was "that it stands for a rather draughty corner of North-west Europe which is much favoured as a residence by the influenza germ." He passed from that after-dinner mood to a homely earnestness that is better than rhetoric. He referred to "all the associations that are bound up in that essentially English word 'home.'" No other language has the full equivalent of that word, and perhaps Englishmen might be defined as the most home-loving of people. There never was a better gloss on the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

THE Committee appointed last December to show "by what means the disparity between the price received by the producer and that paid by the consumer can be diminished" has issued its report on milk. They think it too dear to the consumer. The high cost is not attributed to the producer, but to the distributor. In London and other large towns the distributors' share amounted to as much as a shilling a gallon. This sum is made up of a wholesaler's charge of nominally fourpence a gallon and a retailer's charge of nominally eightpence a gallon. The fourpence charged by the wholesalers in London and the threepence-halfpenny in Glasgow, and similar margins, in the words of the Committee, "are too great a charge on the trade in return for purely pivotal and regulatory services, and should be reduced." It is also stated that the "practice of door-to-door delivery of small quantities of milk is an expensive luxury," and, combined with the overlapping of delivery services, forms a bar to any considerable reduction in retail prices. It is full time a propaganda was started to popularise the sale of this wholesome food.

THE excavations on the site of Carthage have suddenly produced important results. It was recently announced that an American expedition was going to the assistance of the French staff who, whether with their assistance or before their arrival, have made the new discoveries. They consist of a building which undoubtedly formed part of the original city, founded *circa* 800 B.C. In a room was discovered an altar, beautifully worked in painted stucco, surrounded by fragments of statues, busts of goddesses and heads of Carthaginians with hair covered in gold leaf; some charming statuettes representing children playing, a lion, a serpent and a corpulent Silenus. Dr. Carton believes them to date from the sixth century B.C., when Carthage was at the height of its power and Rome had just founded the republic. The artistic conceptions of the Phœnician colony were, by the sixth century, entirely dominated by Greece, so that these comparatively late manifestations of Carthaginian art have less interest than would any of the ninth or eighth centuries. At that time Greece had only begun to develop, and discoveries of that period would throw light on the original Phœnician culture and possibly connect up with the Minoan, of which the Phœnician seems to have been a Semitic descendant.

DR. HAGBERG WRIGHT and Mr. C. J. Purnell have just produced a second volume of the Subject Index of the London Library, supplementing that of 1909: and, as an indispensable guide to every conceivable form of knowledge, it is a monument not only of labour, but of Dr. Hagberg Wright's radio-activity in adding to the library. Besides the obvious additional subjects arising out of the Great War and the altered map and condition of Europe, there are innumerable subjects of vital importance to-day and the very names of which were unthought of in 1909. These are all extensively represented. Foreign literature, too, has received far more attention under Dr. Hagberg Wright's régime than ever since the foundation

of the library by Carlyle and W. D. Christie in 1841. As this supplementary volume is practically equal in size to the first one, it becomes clear that the library has been practically doubled during the last fifteen years. The London Library's usefulness to those engaged in serious literary work would be vastly enhanced if a greater number of standard works were confined to the premises.

THE Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University is vested with the divine right of kings. He is the most autocratic functionary in England. We have the greatest respect for Dr. Farnell, and assuredly he will stand out among vice-chancellors as prominently as Mr. Lloyd George among politicians or Charles V among Holy Roman Emperors. But his action in placing the newly opened theatre at Oxford out of bounds is, to say the least, a trifle pedantic. The existing theatre had a difficult enough fight for proctorial recognition, since the authorities regarded, with the Puritans, any form of play-acting as "of the Devil." The new playhouse we believe to have some of the most eminent English actors behind it, three of whom are former members of the O.U.D.S.; but, probably because the University authorities were not consulted at the outset, they feel bound to assert their jurisdiction, not by licensing the place but by banning it. Conservative educationists, like dons, have peculiar opinions upon the nature of education; but any man who feels, after coming down, that his time at Oxford has not been wholly wasted can say what a large part was played in his education by the theatre. It is vital for Oxford to have a modern playhouse showing good programmes—and now that one is available the authorities put it out of bounds.

THE DROWNED LOVER.

As I was a-walking upon my wedding-day,
I met my drownèd lover who stood and barred my way—
"Oh! wherefore are you standing all dripping on the quay,
I thought you soundly sleeping ten fathoms deep at sea!"

I saw my drownèd lover, quite close I saw him stand,
His hands and face and hair and coat all black and caked with sand,
All dripping, rough and weedy—but not a word he said,
Just stood and stared with blinded eyes a-starting from his head.

"O! Tom! I loved you dearly, I could not love you more,
But there's no sense in drownèd men come floating to the shore;
And must a maid go creeping through all her days alone,
Whilst fathoms deep her lover lies cold as any stone?"

Now, is it not a hard thing the day I am to wed,
To have my drownèd lover come walking from the dead,
All rough and black and weedy, with tangles in his hair,
And not a word to wish me luck, but eyes that stare and stare?

"Oh! lover, drownèd lover, I loved you very well,
But all drowned lovers in the world can't drown the wedding-bell!

I'm not yet two and twenty, a maid can't always weep,
Go back to yon deep waters and sleep as drowned men sleep."

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

THE American golfers, who arrived early this week, will meet with a warm welcome. They are not only fine players, but they play the game in the most admirable possible spirit. Some people in this country who do not know American golfers appear to imagine that they make of the game a solemn and gloomy business. There never was a greater mistake, for they are, in fact, opponents as delightful to play with as they are difficult to defeat. The team will have a strenuous time of it. At the end of this week they go to Rye, when they will play a friendly match with the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. Then comes the St. George's Vase at Sandwich, then the Championship at Deal, and, finally, the International match at St. Andrews. It is a great pity that Mr. "Bobby" Jones and Mr. "Chick" Evans could not come, but there are some amends in the fact of the Yale authorities relenting as regards Mr. Sweetser.

THE KING'S YACHT

ALTHOUGH one swallow may not make a summer, it is very certain that the presence or absence of the King's yacht Britannia can make or mar a yachting season. As evidence of this, one needs look no further than last year, when His Majesty, from motives of economy, did not fit out his famous cutter. In the absence of Britannia big yacht racing ceased to exist; while in 1921, when the Royal yacht went the round of the regattas, she was accompanied by a fine fleet of large vessels which enjoyed splendid racing. The news that Britannia is being overhauled in readiness for the coming season is, in these circumstances, particularly gratifying, and the racing this year should be the best experienced since the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 put a period to sport.

The masterpiece of the late G. L. Watson, the cleverest yacht designer this country has ever had, Britannia was built in 1893 for King Edward, then Prince of Wales. Big-yacht racing was at that time in very low water, but the news that

the Prince had ordered a first-class cutter led to an immediate revival. Other prominent yachtsmen followed the Prince's lead, with the result that the finest fleet of big cutters the sport has ever known appeared during the season of 1893. In addition to Britannia, there were Valkyrie II, Satanita, Calluna, Iverna and Navahoe. The last mentioned was an American vessel, designed by Herreshoff, that came over in quest of the Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups, which had been captured by Genesta in 1885. In her maiden race the Royal cutter gave evidence of being a craft of superlative excellence, and before the season was over had established her reputation as the greatest cutter in the annals of the sport.

Britannia first met the American cutter Navahoe at Cowes, and no such scenes of excitement had been witnessed since 1851, when the schooner America won the historic Cup which now bears her name. On the run to the Warner Lightship, Navahoe, with her huge sail area, had the advantage; but beating back in a fresh breeze, Britannia fairly hammered the Yankee to



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THIRTY YEARS OLD, YET QUEEN OF THE FLEET.

In 264 races she has won 141 first prizes—170 prizes in all.

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windward and came home a gallant winner. This initial victory she repeated time after time, although the Brenton Reef Cup was ceded to the American yacht on her owner claiming that a mark boat had shifted from her position while the race was in progress.

The racing during the following season was even more interesting, owing to the appearance in the class of the American cutter *Vigilant*, which had defeated Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie II* for the America's Cup the previous summer. When *Britannia* met *Vigilant* for the first time on the Clyde the shore was black with people, and it has been estimated that at least 100,000 persons watched the contest. The start of the race was marred by an unfortunate accident, *Satanita* ramming and sinking *Valkyrie*. Owing to this disaster *Britannia* was left to tackle the redoubtable *Yankee* alone. Badly served by the breeze in the early stages of the match, *Britannia* was at one time more than three minutes astern of her rival, but she subsequently overhauled *Vigilant* and beat her home by 33secs. Such a scene of enthusiasm has probably never been witnessed on the Clyde, the surrounding hills echoing to the sounds of cheering.

The Royal cutter remained at the head of her class until 1897, when she was outclassed by a change in the rating rule. It was concluded that *Britannia's* racing career was over, and for some years she was used merely for cruising about the Solent during the Cowes Regatta Week. When the yacht passed into the possession of King George at the death of King Edward,

His Majesty had her sail area cut down and fitted her with high bulwarks for the safety of the young princes. In 1913, however, the King entered her for a few handicap races, and, despite her jury rig, the famous old cutter won four first prizes in nine starts. Encouraged by this success, the King had her sail area enlarged a little and entered her for further races the following season, when she did even better than in 1913, winning eight firsts in thirteen starts.

As it was evident that the veteran could hold her own with the modern yachts, His Majesty decided, after the war, to put her in full racing commission again, and in 1920 *Britannia* appeared in very much like her old trim. The season opened on the Clyde, and in the light weather that obtained the old yacht failed to win a single prize; but later on the conditions were more to her liking. With fresh and strong winds characterising the latter part of the season, the grand old vessel carried all before her, and when she left for her winter quarters she was flying a string of eleven winning flags.

Although now thirty years old, *Britannia* still remains the queen of the fleet. Such craft as *Nyria* and *White Heather* may sometimes beat her in light weather, but she is their superior when there is any weight in the wind. The complete racing record of *Britannia* down to date reads as follows: 264 starts, 141 first prizes and 29 other prizes, her grand total of prizes being 170. No other first-class cutter has ever achieved such a record, and she has long been regarded as the greatest vessel in yachting history.

FRANCIS B. COOKE.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S ESTATE AND LIVESTOCK

II.—PEDIGREE SHORTHORNS AND KERRY HILL SHEEP.

CHESHIRE has ever been famous for its fine pastures and the excellence of its cattle and other products, particularly milk and cheese. The Duke of Westminster's estate at Eaton might be described as the best Cheshire; it is, at any rate, first rate land for feeding shorthorns. The proof of the pudding is the eating of it, and there are few who would fail to admit that at the moment the shorthorn herd is leading the rest of England. This is no sudden access of fame. Very good unregistered shorthorns have been kept at Eaton for seventy years, and milk records have been kept for thirty years. That is a long time in which to continue a policy of maintaining a first-rate herd without troubling greatly about exhibitions. It was in 1912 that the duke decided to make his herd a pedigree one only, and the foundation was laid by the purchase of two cows and two heifers at the dispersal sale of the celebrated Cranford herd. After that, representatives of the most fashionable families were secured from a variety of sources, a predilection being shown for the best known herds in Westmorland and Cumberland. Thus was laid the foundation for the great herd that has been gradually established. From the first the sires were selected with the utmost care, it being fully recognised that the bull is half the herd. Among them were Micklethwaite Warrior 4th, of the famous Cressida family, and Buttermen, both bred by the late Mr. A. Ritson; Eaton Buttermen, a home-bred bull sired by Salmon's Crown Prince (a noted prize-winner used with great success in the herd of Mr. J. Rickerby, Monkhill), from Monkhill Butterfly, a beautiful show cow and prize-winner at the Royal Lancashire and other shows; and Diamond Gift, the sire of many high-priced and prize-winning animals, whose dam was the famous Primrose Gift, thrice in succession champion cow at the R.A.S.E. Show. The herd includes the celebrated bull Baron's Pride, which, wherever he has gone, has clothed himself with distinction. In addition to his other championships and first prizes, he was in the group which won the 100 guineas Silver Challenge Cup at the Royal Society's Show and first prize at the London Dairy Show. Other great bulls of the herd are Cherry Ben, Penworthian Style (a son of the

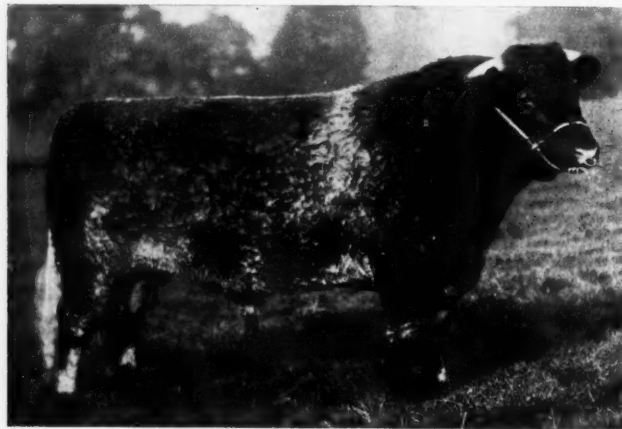
famous champion cow Bare Charm), Lock Baronet (a son of Red Rosette, sold at Kingham in 1920 for 1,050 guineas) and Eaton Bold Baron—all great winning bulls having in common a characteristic highly prized at Eaton.

The duke's ideal is that of a dual-purpose breed, and those bulls are of the dual-purpose type—animals with level solid flesh on short legs of fine quality, deep bodies, well sprung ribs, large and level quarters, the cows having capacious, well set udders, features set off with a gay, sprightly carriage. One often is asked the question as to what is the difference between a dairy and a beef shorthorn. The answer is very simple—the dairy shorthorn is an animal that milks her flesh away while in milk and gives nearly, or over, a thousand gallons of milk in her lactation, and puts on flesh quickly

when she goes dry; a beef shorthorn is an animal that puts on flesh instead of giving much milk. The herd of about three hundred head of stock contains some very fine specimens of the old English families, including Waterloos, Wild Eyes, Barringtons, Kirklevingtons, Tellurias, Seraphinas, Dewdrops and Red Roses; also many fine specimens of the famous North Country families, which include Millicents, Comely Windsors, Butterflies, Dorothys, Craggs and Greys. Great care has always been taken in the breeding of these two lots of families to avoid crossing them, as it is considered that too severe

a crossing causes too much confusion of the blood stream. However, when the crossing is systematically carried out it gives very good results.

Two new families in the herd are what are known as the Bare and the Dairymaid. During the last two or three years these two families have proved themselves almost invincible in the show-ring and at the pail. Bare Charm, the famous 1920 double champion, after winning at the R.A.S.E. and Peterborough Shows, was afterwards sold, with her calf, at the Eaton Sale, November, 1920, for £1,202 5s., for export to the United States. Bare Primrose was first at the R.A.S.E. and Cheshire County Shows last year and in the group which won the 50 guineas Silver Challenge Cup at the R.A.S.E. Show. Bare Rosette was winner of the first prize and reserve for the



G. H. Parsons.

BARON'S PRIDE.

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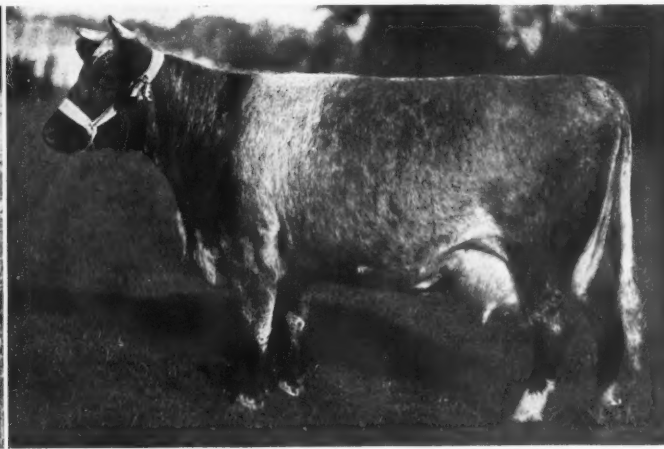
Beverhulme Champion Challenge Cup at the Royal Lancashire Show, and of the first prize in the Inspection Class, first prize in the Milking Trials and the Shorthorn Society's special prize at the London Dairy Show in October. Bare Lily 3rd was winner of the third prize at the R.A.S.E. Show at Derby and of the first prize at the Royal Lancashire Show. After calving as a three year old on June 13th, 1921, she gave 15,759lb. of milk in her lactation of 351 days; she produced another calf on June 15th, 1922 (her Butter Fat Test averaging over 4 per cent.), which is considered to be a world's record for a three year old heifer.

The Dairymaid family consists of, among others, Illington Beauty, sold at the Eaton Sale, November, 1920, along with her four months old bull calf, for £430 10s. for export to the United States, where she has just beaten all previous United States records and has made a milk yield of 18,259.3lb. of milk in her lactation. Curious to relate, the United States champion milk yield was held by Bare Fashion, a member of the famous Bare family, with a yield of 17,027lb. of milk in her lactation. She is considered by many to come nearest to the ideal of a dual-purpose shorthorn. Illington Beauty was only shown once in

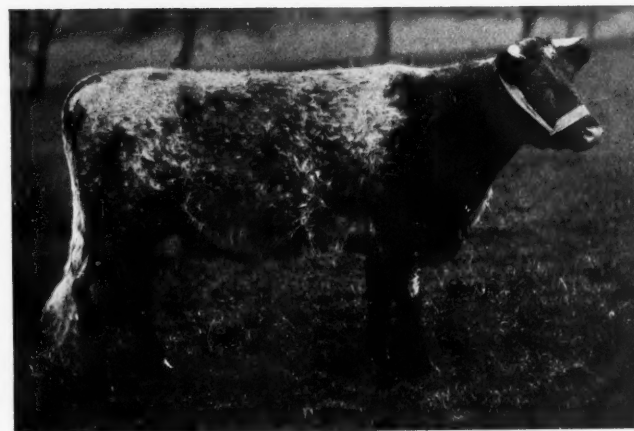
this country, when she won the first and the Shorthorn Society's prize at the Cheshire County Show, when she gave a record yield of 48½lb. of milk in the show-ring. Illington Lass 2nd (Illington Beauty's full sister) was winner of first prize and Allerton Challenge Cup in the Milking Trials at the Royal Lancashire Show. Illington Dairymaid 2nd has just made a record by giving in her lactation period of 315 days over 2,000 gallons. Her yield for the year was 23,173½lb. These are world-record figures for a pedigree shorthorn. The Dairymaids trace back to Dairymaid's Daughter, which won first and second prizes, reserve R.A.S.E. Show, Birmingham, 1898, and second prize, Royal Counties and Warwickshire Shows, 1899; and to Dairymaid (by Granite), which won second prize R.A.S.E. Show, Chester, 1893. The bulls bred in these families are typical dual-purpose animals with level, smooth and heavy flesh and set on short legs. Since the foundation of the herd, animals which have been bought and also those bred in the herd have stepped right into the front line as prize-winners and milk-producers; and, even though the present herd exceeds three hundred head of stock, a very high standard of excellence is maintained throughout.



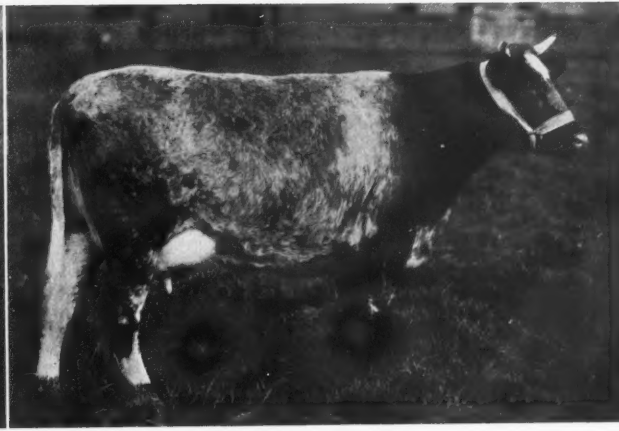
KATIE



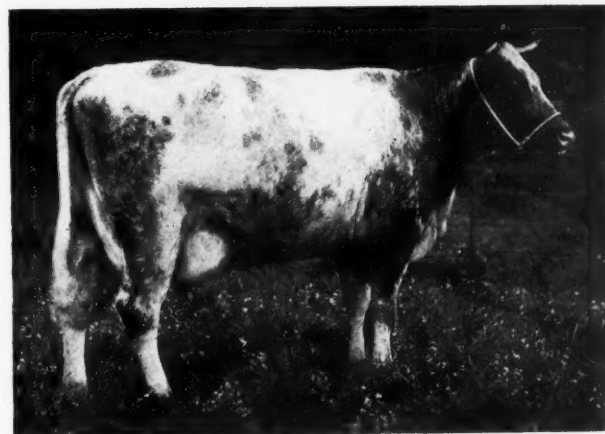
CHERRY BUD VI.



ITCHEN PEARL II.



BARE ROSETTE.



G. H. Parsons.

BARE PRIMROSE.



DOLPHINLEE WATERLOO IV.

Copyright.

The herd has had a most successful season in the show-yard, and honours have been obtained at the leading shows in the country against the strongest competition. Among last season's successes may be mentioned the following: five silver challenge cups, two female championships, one supreme championship, two reserves for silver challenge cups, two silver medals, twenty first prizes, one second prize and seven third prizes. This is certainly a very remarkable achievement, coming so soon after the great sale of pedigree dairy shorthorns which took place at Eaton on November 10th, 1920, when, perhaps, a record was established by the prices obtained and the large number of animals sold—109 lots with over forty calves realised a grand total of £23,492 14s., being an average price of £215 10s. 7d. The highest price was £1,202 5s. for one lot and her calf.

Milk yields are carefully recorded, and most of the cows, although not forced for excessive yields, possess excellent records, which have been checked by the inspectors of the

Cheshire Milk Recording Society and the Dairy Shorthorn Association. Butter fat tests are taken periodically.

A novelty at Eaton is the maintenance of a flock of Kerry Hill sheep. The reader who is not up in sheep lore must be reminded that the word "Kerry" is taken from the name of

a hill in Wales, not of a county in Ireland. The Kerry sheep does not come from the land of the Kerry cow. Translated from its native heath in Wales to the rich pastures of Cheshire, the Kerry sheep has done astonishingly well. They were first brought to Eaton in 1908, and from the first they began to show their merit, both in the show-yard and at table. They have a hardy constitution, produce a fine wool and yield a mutton that retains the



G. H. Parsons. A WORLD'S RECORD: ILLINGTON DAIRYMAID II. Copyright. She gave over 2,000 gallons in her lactation period, 315 days; 23,173½ lbs. in the year. Butterfat average, 4.8 per cent.

best characteristics of mountain sheep. At the shows of last season they carried off honours as freely as the shorthorns did. The sheep took first prize in each of the four classes at the Royal Show—a performance which has never been equalled by anyone with any breed. They also won the champion ship at the Society's show and sale at Kerry.

"GOING-TO-THE-SUN"*

"GOING-TO-THE-SUN MOUNTAIN is the very jewel of the mountains of Glacier Park. All the tourists love it, and they are right. Its name fits it." This is Vachel Lindsay's description of the Mecca that he and another pilgrim sought out when they made their famous tramp in the Rockies, climbing "north-west through Glacier Park, Montana, across the Canadian line into Alberta, Canada." It was a great holiday, and it had the effect of stirring into life the endless and fantastic imagination of the poet. His book is an achievement of genius even as regards the pictures. The spirit of the work is gathered into five little lines:

The mountain peak called "Going-To-The-Sun,"
In Glacier Park,
Is the most gorgeous one,
And when the sun comes down to it, it glows
With emerald and rose.

While the writer of prose was doing his notes, the poet was peopling his favourite mountain peak with monstrous and beautiful animals that he describes in language that is at times culled from the most modern American and at other times in diction that recalls Milton, Sir Thomas Browne and other masters of prose and verse. The best of his fanciful menagerie is "The Mystic Unicorn of the Montana Sunset":

The center of the sun was but his eye,
His mane was but the sun rays and the flame.
There in that Glacier Park, above green pastures,
There above Stephen's camp-fire in the rocks,
He foamed and pawed and whinnied round the world,
His feathered sides and plumes and bristling locks
Seemed but the banners of a great announcement
That unicorns were spry as heretofore,
That not a camp fire of the world was dead,
That dragons lived in them, and thousands more
Camp-born, were clawing at the clouds of Asia,
Were rising with to-morrow's dawn for men,
Camp-fire dragons, with the ancient unicorn
Bringing the Rosicrucian days again.

There are verses here that might have been taken from the great language of the Elizabethans: "Not a camp fire of the world was dead"; "dragons . . . clawing at the clouds of Asia." Yet he passes from this height of poetry to the commonplace as easily as he would go from a page of "Paradise Lost" to buttered toast or Mr. Masefield:

Any unicorn is worth his oats,
And so we fed him bacon, and we made

An extra cup of tea, which he drank.
Then he curled up coltwise, and in slumber sank.

The only moral he draws is that—

Following the Unicorn-No-Storm-Can-Tame
Alone, in tropic woods, is a great game.

In setting down the last sentence we forgot Johnny Appleseed, who ate an apple and let the core fall into a crevice of the mountain wall:

In an instant there was an apple-tree,
The roots split up the rocks beneath our feet,
The apples rolled down the green mountainside
And fairies popped from them, flying and free!

We must give one quotation more about Johnny, for, of a surety, it is such verse as one does not meet every day:

On the mountain peak, called "Going-To-The-Sun,"
I saw gray Johnny Appleseed at prayer
Just as the sunset made the old earth fair.
Then darkness came; in an instant, like great smoke,
The sun fell down as though its great hoops broke
And dark rich apples, poured from the dim flame
Where the sun set, came rolling toward the peak,
A storm of fruit, a mighty cider-reek,
The perfume of the orchards of the world,
From apple-shadows: red and russet domes
That turned to clouds of glory and strange homes
Above the mountain tops for cloud-born souls:—
Reproofs for men who build the world like moles,
Models for men, if they would build the world
As Johnny Appleseed would have it done—
Praying, and reading the books of Swedenborg
On the mountain top called "Going-To-The-Sun."

We might go on quoting the whole of the book, for the mountain brings many visions to the poet, such as the comet who—

. . . stopped to drink from a cool spring
And like a spirit-harp began to sing.

The harp sound stayed, though he who made it pursued his journey to the sun:

It turned to thunder, when he had quite gone—
And yet was like a soft voice of the sea,
And every whispering root and every blade of grass
And every tree
In the whole world, and brought thoughts of old songs
That blind men sang ten thousand years ago,
And all the springtime hearts of every nation know.

Ever the sun and the mountain are pictured close together, and the comet in this case is the drawing of the noble young

face of one who, indeed, might have listened to what "blind man sang ten thousand years ago."

The poet describes what he himself did while his friend explored. He "dragged in sticks and logs and kept our fire." Then :

On soft-winged sails of meditation
My boat of spiral shells and flowers,
And fluffy clouds and twinkling hours,
My thought-boat went with the sun all day
Over the glaciers, far away.
I sat alone, but the chipmunks knew
My boat was high, and plain to view.

Though he might have appeared sleeping, he was ranging over the world and dwelling more particularly on American scenes :

Texas the fort, by the river to the south,
Michigan a pheasant with a leaf in its mouth,
Illinois an ear of corn, in the shock,
Maine a moose-horn, gray as a rock.
California a whale, in gilded mail,
Montana, a ranch of alfalfa and clover.

Alabama many cotton bales,
Georgia a peach-basket red,
Florida a wild turkey's head,
North Carolina a crane, flying through a cloud,
South Carolina a soldier, with head unbowed,
West Virginia, the racoon, shrewd and slow,
Tennessee Bob Taylor's fiddle and bow,
Virginia Thomas Jefferson's mountain and shroud,
Kentucky the log cradle of the proud,
Maryland a plow, Delaware a pruning hook,
Indiana Riley's Hoosier book,
Wisconsin a caldron, cool it who can,
Ohio Johnny Appleseed's park for man.

Whether "So Much the Worse for Boston" was thought out on the journey is not apparent. Ostensibly it deals chiefly with the mountain-cat. It is not by way of disparagement that it reminds us of another Kitty-cat that, being belly-roped, when it was not dragged by the cow-puncher's horse, was

loping behind it, so that each in turn was the chaser and the chased. It ends thus :

"Boston is peculiar.

Boston is mysterious.

You do not know your Boston," said the wise, fastidious cat,
And turned again to lick the skull of his prey, the mountain-rat !
And at that, he broke off his wild dream of a perfect human race.
And I walked down to the aspen grove where is neither time nor place,

Nor measurement, nor space, except that grass has room
And aspen leaves whisper on forever in their grace.
All day they watch along the banks. All night the perfume goes
From the Mariposa's chalice to the marble mountain-rose,
In the Boston of their beauty-sleep, when storm-flowers
Are in bloom,
In the mystery of their beauty-sleep, when storm-flowers
Are in bloom.

The book gives abundant evidence that Vachel Lindsay possesses a mind still growing. It is the best work of his that, so far, has come to light. The illustrations are a remarkable feature. At a first glance they are as puzzling as those drawings of William Blake which, it has been said, he drew from the figures that he had imagined in the middle of a wood fire ; but, on closer examination, they disclose point and sound logic where Blake was but a fitful and wandering dreamer. Vachel Lindsay has been able to give pictorial expression to dreams and visions not easily to be conveyed by verbal description.

We cannot conclude without transcribing the translation given by the author of his hieroglyphics under the first picture :

The beating heart of the waterfall of the double truth, as it appears to a scribe, a servant of Thoth—Thoth, who is god of picture-writing, photoplays and hieroglyphics, and an intense admirer of waterfalls.

* *Going-to-the-Sun*, by Vachel Lindsay. (Appleton, 7s. 6d. net.)

(Other reviews of recent books will be found on page lxxxiv.)

WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ARE SPENDING THEIR HONEYMOON



POLESDEN LACEY.

From a painting by Sir John Lavery, R.A., exhibited at the Grosvenor Galleries Winter Exhibition.

THE RED-THROATED DIVER



HESITATING TO LAND.

IT was on a bleak, barren moor on a northern island that I met with the red-throated diver whose photographs accompany this article. The moor was dotted with numerous lochs, some large with stony margins, but many smaller, mere depressions in the peaty soil, with boggy edges to betray the unwary. These wee pools, some of which were only a few yards across, were margined with a rim of bright green sphagnum, which floated on the water, so that a false step would let one through into the peaty depths. The little lochs, with their quivering edges, seemed to be the favourite nesting sites of the divers, for nearly every pool was tenanted by a pair. We—that is to say my fellow bird photographer, the guide, and I—found many nests on these shaking margins, so placed that the sitting bird could dive off the eggs into the water. Most of the nests we saw could only be called nests by courtesy, being merely a slight “scrape,” but in some instances the red-throated diver does form more or less of a nest, and we found one in which quite a wall had been built up round the two eggs.

Alas! many nests were egg-less, the work, so my guide affirmed, of the skuas that also nested on the moor. He gave both the Richardson and great skua bad characters, asserting that they were terrible thieves and robbers. However that may be, we only saw five divers' nests containing eggs, and of these

two had but one egg each. As these single eggs were being incubated it was suggestive of a second laying.

The unsafe margins of the smallest pools were not encouraging for photography, so we chose a nest by a somewhat larger loch, that had not such boggy edges, by which to put up a tent. The bird seemed to be sitting hard, and a shallow water-course about three yards away offered a good site for the hide. Across the gully we built a wall of heather and stones, behind which the tent was erected, whereupon I entered and settled down inside. Within half an hour there was a splash in the loch, and looking out I saw the diver had returned. At first she swam about on the far side of the loch, which was 50yds. broad by 100yds. long, but at last she came nearer, swimming so low in the water that little was visible save her head, neck, and just the top of her back. She looked like a submarine, ready to submerge at any moment. In fact, that was exactly what she was ready to do. Every now and again she put down her head, gave a kick of her hind feet, and went under. Her dives were long ones, and I repeatedly noted that though she might go down with her head in one direction she would come up in the opposite direction, showing that she had turned and altered course under water. For some time she kept on the further side of the tarn, lying on her side in the water, preening her white underparts, and turning

almost over on her back. She would then right herself, stand up in the water, flap her short wings, and shake out her plumage, after which she dropped down, folded her wings into place, and took a sip of water, drinking after the manner of a barn-door hen.

At last she got bolder and came nearer, though evidently still suspicious of the tent, judging by the way she stared at it. However, she came nearer and nearer, sometimes on the surface, sometimes submersing, when she popped up in unexpected spots, but all the time getting closer. I was now able to study her appearance. Apart from colour, the tip-tilted beak was her most marked peculiarity. As a matter of fact the upper mandible is straight, the effect being produced by the outline of the lower one. But apart from this, she was a curious bird, her thick neck and small head, combined with



PUSHING HERSELF ALONG ON HER BREAST.

beautifully smooth plumage, giving her a snake-like appearance. Despite the suggestion of the "sea-serpent," she was a lovely creature, with her dove grey colouring, black and white pencilled neck and chest, and the wine-red throat to which the species owes its name.

At 12.30 she swam up to her landing place, whence a well used path led to the eggs, and, after eyeing the tent, got as near the bank as she could, gave a heave, and sprawled on land, lying flat on the turf for a moment. Scrambling to her feet, she balanced uncertainly on her short legs, which were placed so far back as to be little use for progression on land, and then toddled forward in an ungainly manner. However, she actually *walked* the 3ft. up to the nest, when she flopped down upon the eggs. I have emphasised the fact that she walked because it is not usual for a diver to do so, they generally scramble up to the nest on their breasts, pushing themselves along with their feet—indeed, she afterwards adopted the latter mode of progression, when she looked very much the "fish out of water."

To return to the diver at the nest: after a moment's rest she stood up, drooping her wings as if to balance herself, and with open beak arranged her two olive-green eggs, which, with their dark blotches, made a handsome clutch. She pushed them well under her and dropped down with a look as of satisfaction and of effort rewarded, but after resting a moment or two she stood up and re-arranged them.

Having now exposed several plates, I waited for a quarter of an hour to give her a rest, and then began to talk to her to make her leave the nest and give me some fresh opportunities; but she took no notice. I shouted and clapped my hands, but all to no purpose. At last I waved a handkerchief through a peep-hole, when she dived into the water, flapping off along the surface in great commotion; however, she was soon back, and it became apparent that she was not at all timid and would sit through almost any disturbance. What really roused her was the arrival of another diver, which, I presume, was her mate. Though I have referred to this bird as "she," I have only done so as a matter of convenience, for I did not know whether it was really the female, or, for the matter of that, whether the visitor was the male; but it was easier to jot down "he" in my notes than a number of "its." "She" put up her head and watched "him" while he washed and preened at the further side of the loch. At last he took flight, splashing along the water for some way



"SHE ACTUALLY WALKED THE 3FT. UP TO THE NEST, WHEN SHE FLOPPED DOWN UPON THE EGGS."



"AFTER A MOMENT'S REST SHE STOOD UP, DROOPING HER WINGS AS IF TO BALANCE HERSELF, AND, WITH OPEN BEAK, ARRANGED HER TWO OLIVE-GREEN EGGS."



"SHE PUSHED THEM WELL UNDER HER AND DROPPED DOWN WITH A LOOK AS OF SATISFACTION AND OF EFFORT REWARDED."

before he got on the wing, when he departed towards the sea, flying high and straight after the manner of his kind, uttering a quacking call as he did so. Later I watched another pair talking (?) to each other in their peculiar way; the one quacked like a duck, then began to swim about and dive, but paused every now and then to stretch its head out almost level with the water, and utter a melancholy scream like a long drawn "Oh!" Number Two would reply with a similar call, but not so loud. This subdued scream she continued to utter after he had flown away. The country people say that when the divers call much bad weather is coming, but as it rained nearly every day while we were in the islands the divers must have got quite hoarse! It rained heavily the afternoon I was in the tent by the diver's nest, and it was curious, even beautiful, to see the water drops

standing on the back of the sitting bird like glittering gems, though I ceased to see their beauty when the rain came through and dropped down my neck! But it was nothing to the weather experienced the next day, when my fellow camera enthusiast was trying to photograph the diver. It rained and rained through a thick mist, which sometimes lightened and again came down, so that the moor was wrapped in vapour. We struck the tent and trudged home through the downpour, my last recollection of the diver's moor being a brown, melancholy expanse, grey vapour, gleaming pools of water and the scooties (Richardson's skuas) crying like cats as we passed, while the rain beat upon us, ran down our coats, and seemed as if eager to meet the black, peaty water that welled up out of the sodden ground at every step we took.

FRANCES PITT.

A PRIMROSE GARDEN

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THE present condition of a fine strain of white and yellow bunch primroses is the result of nearly fifty years of careful selection. In the early 'seventies of the last century I saw in a cottage garden a primrose that had what I then thought an unusually good appearance and colour. It was only a little deeper yellow than a wild one, but it stood up well with its little bunch of bloom, and I asked the owner to keep me the seed. This was sown and for some years there was not much progress. Then came a change of home and an intermediate two years in hired houses while the new house was building. But the primroses and all that I then had of hardy plants went on the same pilgrimage, and as there was a good garden in the last temporary shelter and a nice place for them in the shade of a row of nuts, the primroses began to show a distinct advance. Next year, in the new settled home, a place was chosen in a birch copse, where spaces were prepared on each side of some slightly winding paths. The very poor sandy soil was deeply dug and plentifully enriched with cow manure, and as by this time there was a good



THE MUNSTEAD STRAIN: A FINE SWEEP.

store of seedlings, some hundreds of the little plants were ready. In their new place, when blooming time came, they could be better seen and their merit better appreciated. A rigorous selection was made and only the very best plants kept for seed. From about the year 1890 improvement was steady, and every year a larger number of plants of better quality appeared. Every now and then there came a coloured one, sometimes of quite a good red, but these were weeded out, as it was soon found that if the strain of whites and yellows was to be kept pure, no other colour must be allowed to be near them.

Once more the primrose garden had to change its home, but this was only to some nearly adjoining land. The place is not so pretty as in the birch wood, but it has some near oaks for sheltering, and as in the neighbouring copses, where the wild primroses abound, they always seem most happy when accompanied by hazels, some cob nuts were planted for shade in addition to the existing oaks. About the year 1898 there appeared a flower of a much deeper yellow, and from then onwards the yellows came on in steadily increasing strength of colour.



IN THE WOODLAND: A SOOTHING CARPET OF YELLOW AND CREAM.

The general quality has now so much improved, that whereas in the earlier years of the strain quite 75 per cent. were discarded as unworthy, now it is only here and there that a plant is pulled up as not up to the general standard, for this is now jealously guarded, as the seed goes into trade and the plants are widely dispersed.

It is interesting to observe, in a strain whose colouring is restricted to white and yellow, the great diversity of habit and appearance of the individual plants, both in flower and leaf. Some look as strong as a prosperous foxglove, but these are by no means the best, for a coarse leaf is commonly accompanied by a tall-stemmed loose flower of what we now consider poor quality. The flowers in general are large, some as much as 2ins. in diameter, a size that seems almost incredible when we look at it on a 2ft. rule; but great size has never been so much valued as other good qualities, such as handsome trusses on firm stems, good colour and the general appearance of a worthy garden flower. Some of the later developments in the whites and pale yellows have a strongly coloured eye approaching the colour of red lead—a useful colour word, standing for what is deeper and redder than anything that can be considered orange and yet just short of what can rightly be called scarlet. These and the strongest yellows appear to please the greater number of people, though my own liking inclines to the tenderer shades, where the colour is not abruptly different, but is gently diffused; still, the eyed flowers are certainly handsome and have also a firm texture.

The primroses vary not only in arrangement and depth of colour, but also in form. Some are flat and distinctly five-petalled to the eye; others, though the petals are actually five in number, have them so wide that they are not only deeply imbricated, but also so heavily frilled or fluted at the outer edge that they look like double flowers. This is very beautiful when it occurs in a flower of pale lemon colour. It is a curious thing that, although the strain is entirely within white



THE NUT WALK: PRIMROSES THRIVE UNDER THE COMMON NUT.

and yellow, and that the common wild primrose is certainly its ancestor, the colour of the wild plant—that pale yellow with a hint of green—is the rarest among them. It may be accounted for by the increased substance of the petal, the thicker texture not permitting the greenish translucency.

In judging the merits of the individual plants I do not follow the florists' rule of giving praise only to flowers that are "thrum-eyed." The difference between thrum-eye and pin-eye is that in the thrum-eye the anthers form a neat little group above the pistil just within the throat of the flower, while in the pin-eye the pistil protrudes and shows like the head of a small pin. Looking at a single bloom, the thrum-eye has a rather more finished appearance, but the more important thing to look for is whether the whole effect of the plant is good and handsome and distinctly of garden value.

A primrose garden is specially delightful in the late afternoon and early evening. If there is hot sunshine before the leaves of the shading trees are fully formed, the flowers in daytime are apt to droop and look fatigued, but in the cooler late afternoon they stand up and are evidently refreshed. The later hours also have the advantage of the lower, yellowing light which tends to

harmonise the masses of colour, and the evening also brings out the delicious scent.

Gardeners are divided in their opinion about the time of sowing the seed: whether to sow as soon as it is ripe in July or whether to keep it till the following spring. The first way may be right in the good loamy soil that is the best for all primroses, but after trying both ways we find that sowing in early spring is best suited to our poor soil, which demands yearly enrichment. The seed is sown in boxes late in February and pricked off in April into open frames or prepared beds, and the young plants are put in their places in July or early August. I only wish I had another garden, or some place at a little distance where I could have a plantation of the coloured kinds.

HEATHS & AUBRIETIAS

NOW, in the third week of April, besides the several kinds of daffodils that show through the woodland that adjoins the garden, there is one point of special interest. It is a large patch of the beautiful *Erythronium giganteum*, a native of Vancouver Island and California. About fifteen years ago a dozen corms were planted in a clearing among birches. Year by year the patch has increased by self-sown seedlings till now it occupies quite 10 square yds. of ground. The flowers look like a quantity of little white stars hovering a foot above the ground, for they bend over, facing downwards. But the flower itself should be lifted up and examined to see how the pointed divisions of the perianth, six in number, are slightly waved and turned back and how there is a finely pencilled ring of red-brown ornament on a yellow ground close to the throat, and to note the lily-like thrust-out of the three-parted pistil and the golden anthers. The leaves also are some of the handsomest of their kind, 7ins. long and 2½ins. wide, curiously marbled with faint red-brown on a ground of pale green.

A wider clearing higher in the wood is the home of some of the best of the hardy heaths. The tall *Erica lusitanica* is well in flower, and the lovely pink *E. australis*, not yet at its best, is just showing colour. This region has a natural undergrowth of whortleberry, now showing its tenderest young green and a quantity of the red-tinted bloom that promises a rich harvest, in June, of its useful berries. The pale yellow of *Cytisus præcox* forms a delightful harmony with the brilliant young whortleberry green among which it is planted. These masses of vivid and yet tender colouring show up sharply in contrast with some banks of accompanying heaths, varieties of the late-blooming *Calluna*. They look almost a dusky black, for the old growths of last year are very dark in colour and the young are only just showing their points and have not yet sprouted.

One of the pressing duties of the moment is the training and regulating of the fast-growing shoots of clematis. There are several in the back of a border devoted to August flowers; among them the always useful purple Jackmanni. A month ago some branching spray was put for guiding the young growths. If this is not done in good time the fast-growing clematis shoots cling together and get into a tangled mass that is impossible to separate without damage, but if they are watched every few days they can be made to go as one will.

Planted walls are now bright with the best kinds of the cress division of the wall-flower family—aubrietia, arabis and alyssum. One often sees the purple aubrietia and the yellow alyssum put side by side, and the untrained eye of the general public may find satisfaction in this crude contrast; but those who have more refined colour sensibilities will keep them apart and have a much fuller enjoyment from a good arrangement of aubrietia with white alone, of which the double arabis may be the best choice. Of late years, growers, searching for novelties, have done the aubrietia a distinct injury by trying to get red forms.

These are best avoided altogether. The true and most beautiful colour of the plant is a clear pale lavender, such as may be obtained from a sowing of the ordinary *Aubrietia græca*. There is a beautiful variety called *Lavender* which is of the true aubrietia colour and has a larger flower than the type. There is also the fine deep violet-purple *Dr. Mules*, extremely effective if not overdone. It is safe to advise a main planting of *A. græca* or of *Lavender*, combined with a plant or two of *Dr. Mules*. In such a proportion the varieties will be found to help each other. In my opinion the redder forms should never have been invented. There are not many plants specially good for foliage in early spring, but the handsomely marbled leaves of *Arum italicum* are desirable in any garden and should not be forgotten. G. J.

At this time, when everyone is examining nurserymen's catalogues, the everlasting question of the correct colour naming of plants is prominent. It has been suggested that a colour chart might be issued, such as is used by the leading paint manufacturers. These makers of colour are wise in their generation; they know that no two people see colour the same, but those interested in flower colour are careless. Can anyone say what exactly rose-purple means? This difficulty in colour seems to apply particularly to those which have red in the base. Magenta, rose-lavender, deep rose, etc., all flow into one another and so are difficult to define. Surely the R.H.S., the chief authority in the garden world, could issue such a chart. Many members would be glad to pay a few shillings for anything which could authoritatively state what is rose-lavender and what is not.



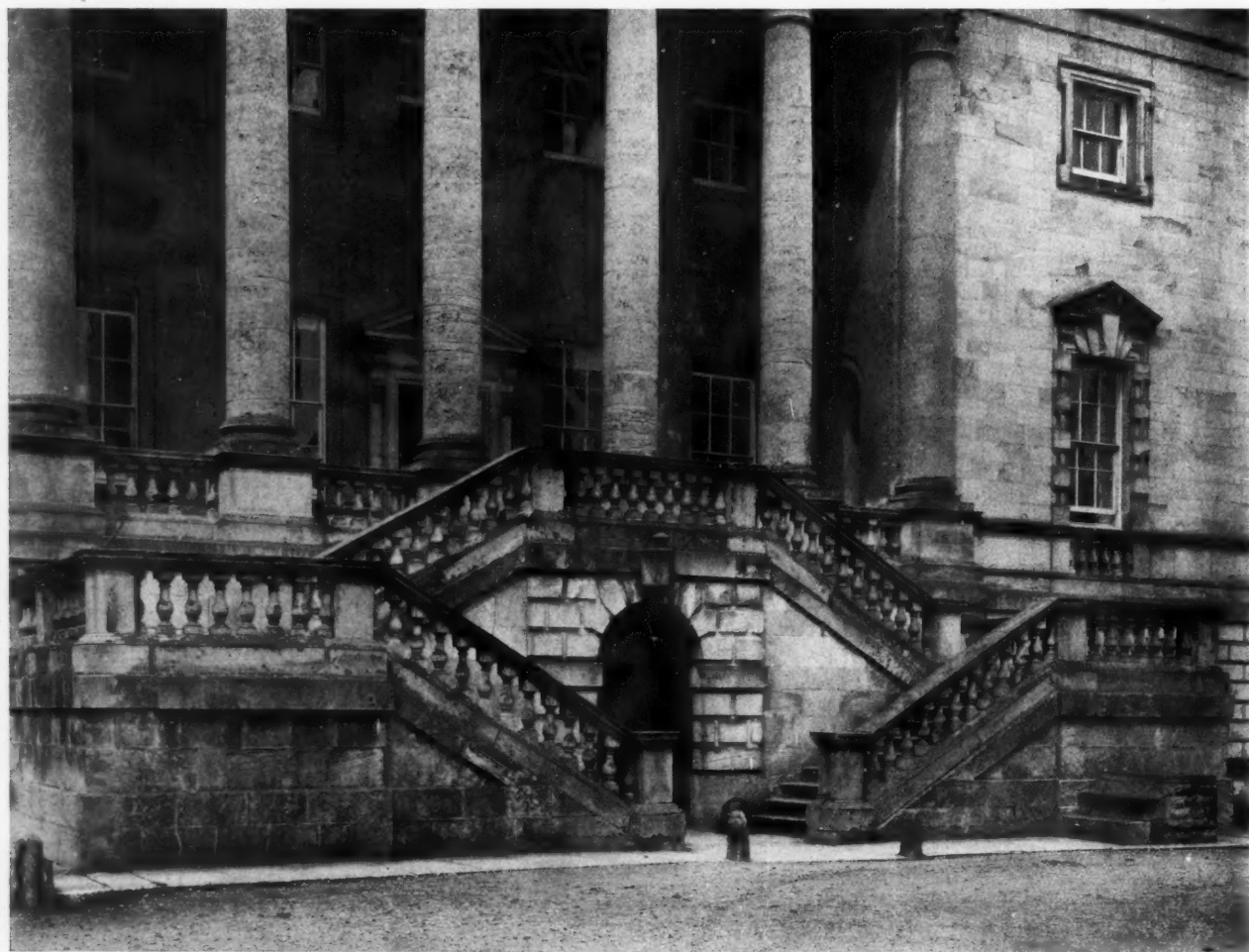
THE SIGNOR PAOLO ALMERICO'S villa at Capra, near to Vicenza, stood on a knoll. In order to provide the shade so necessary in an Italian summer, during which season alone the signor inhabited his villa, four loggias adorned each one side of the building, whence might be comfortably surveyed the surrounding prospects. In the middle of the villa was a circular hall which, by reason that it received its light from windows in the dome, retained an obscurity and coolness very grateful during the heat of noon. Beneath the hall and the projecting loggias or porticoes were the rooms assigned to the convenience and use of the family. Nothing at all like Palladio's villa had ever been seen when it arose at Capra during the sixteenth century, and it acquired a merited reputation which—by means of Palladio's book, where plans and elevations of it were given—was not restricted to Italy.

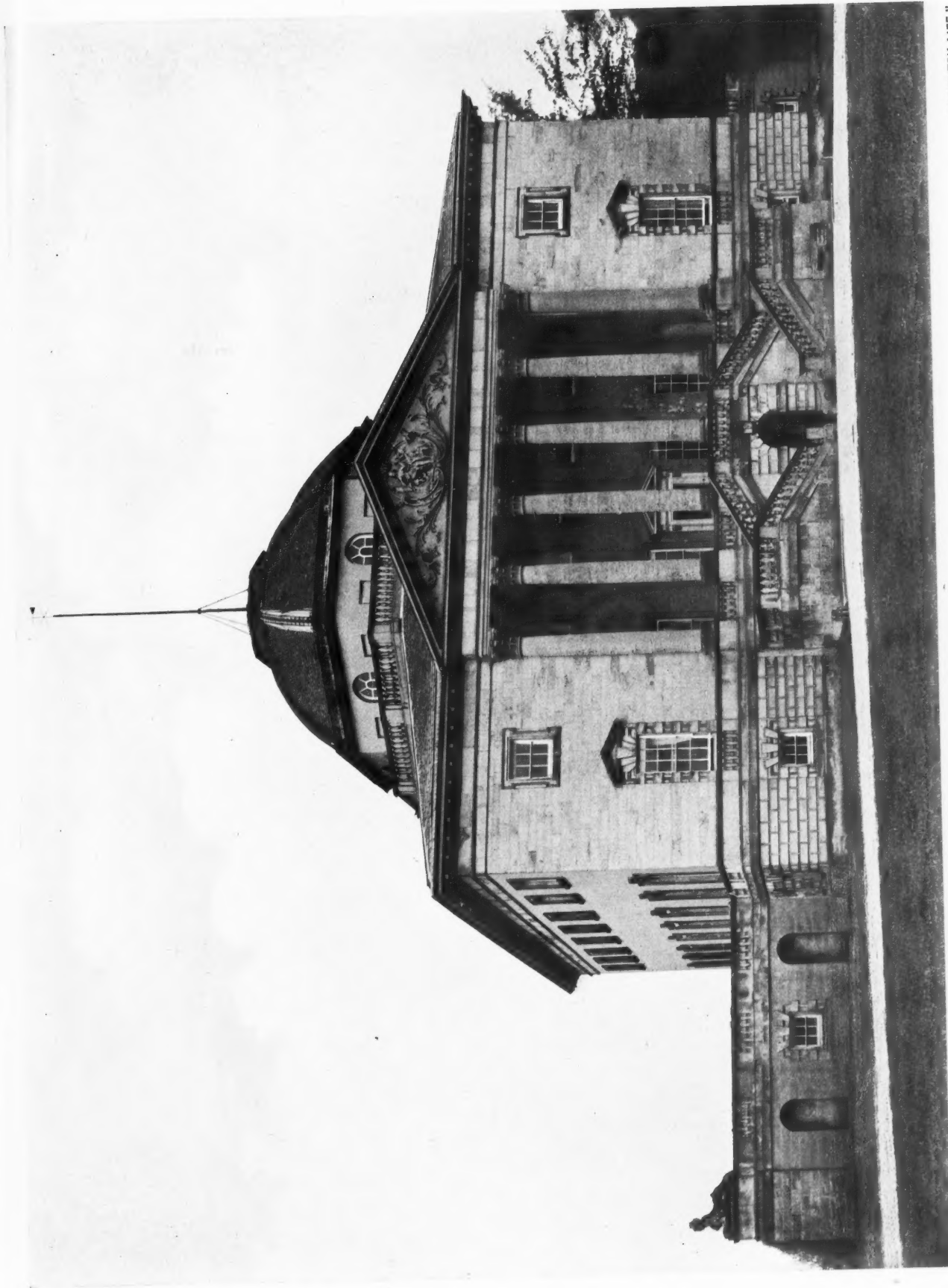
Besides building the villa at Capra, Palladio filled Vicenza with palaces and noble edifices, until it seemed that he must be the greatest architect of all time; for, where other men had approached Architecture, some with diffidence, some with inspiration, and all with the respect due to a fickle goddess, Palladio made Architecture his mistress, coming to know her so intimately that he discovered, as he thought, every little trick

by which she exalted herself. When, therefore, men read in his book all the secrets which he had wormed out of the lady, they concluded, not unreasonably, since this had never been done before, that he was the only master Architecture ever could or would have; and, although it had not yet been remarked that we must needs worship the highest when we see it, men in a body began to follow Palladio rather than Architecture, the master in place of the mistress. It has never been exactly determined at what point Architecture slipped out. Certainly Palladio never noticed her absence, for, like the goddess she is, she contrived to leave behind in his embraces her bodily form, while her spirit escaped in a little laugh and sped away on the numerous errands which we must suppose such a very important goddess has to perform.

The great Palladio meanwhile perfected his treatise on how Architecture had been caught, what she was like and all that she had told him, and his book was shortly appointed to be read in all drawing-rooms—that is, places where architects draw: with the result that a very great number of very fine buildings were erected all over the world which lacked only one thing—Architecture. They were Palladio.

We have not the time to pursue this veracious narrative any further, but it is pretty widely known from this point—





2.—THE ENTRANCE FAÇADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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3.—LOOKING OVER THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

how Sir Christopher Wren and one or two other men wooed Architecture in their own way, the great Gothic heresy which damned so many souls last century, and the occasional manifestations of Architecture in our own day.

We must return to The Signor Paolo Almerico's villa at Capra, which, it must be remembered, stood upon a knoll. It appeared such a delightful villa, and Palladio had provided such excellent plans of it, that, about the year 1718, Colin

Campbell, a Scotsman and a priest of Palladio, persuaded the Hon. John Fane, who lived in a castle at Mereworth in Kent, to let him pull down the castle and build a copy of Villa Capra there instead. Only, he forgot one thing—that the original villa stood on a knoll, while Mereworth lay in a hole, with a moat round it. I know another castle in Kent, also in a moat in a hole, and it can be the coldest place imaginable. One gets skating there before anybody else for miles around. Well,



Copyright.

4.—THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mereworth was like that. It was, therefore, a site peculiarly ill adapted for an Italian villa, by one of the first rules governing architecture—that a building should be, by its plan, fitted to the natural conditions of its site. The men who followed Palladio, however, were not at all concerned with natural conditions save in so far as they made a pretty setting for a villa.

Mereworth was completed in 1723. Some five years later Campbell, who was really very proud of Mereworth, was employed by his patron, Lord Burlington, to erect a similar villa at Chiswick. Although he did not live to see it completed, William Kent taking over the interior decoration after his demise in 1729, he probably was not so pleased with Chiswick. At Mereworth he accurately copied Capra, and showed particular pride in the ingenuity with which he contrived chimneys—all of which were taken up between the inner and outer skins of the dome so as not to spoil the outline by projecting. Chiswick, however, had chimneys, but, being a real villa—used originally for nothing but Lord Burlington's delightful assemblies of great ladies and gentlemen of letters—was really much nearer to Palladio's original. Moreover, Capra and Mereworth had four porticoes, one on each side, while Chiswick had only an entrance portico, approached by imposing steps. Thus the interior was much better lighted.

Thirty years later two more houses were built on the villa plan, one of which is Footscray in North Kent, and the other Nuthall Temple. Footscray, of which the architect is not known, was built for—possibly by—a Mr. Bouchier Cleeve, who seems to have taken the idea less from Palladio than from Mereworth, though he adopted the Chiswick octagonal hall rather than the Mereworth circular one. Footscray, moreover, had all four porticoes and, like its prototype, a long gallery running the length of the side opposite to the entrance. Considering that it was only recently built when Woolfe and Gandon brought out their two volumes in continuation of Campbell's "Vitruvius Britannicus," in which plans and elevations of it are given, it is rather curious that the architect is unknown; if there was one, it seems almost as though he was rather ashamed of his handiwork and did not like his name being associated with it.

Nuthall was begun in 1754 and completed in 1757 for Sir Charles Sedley, by an architect who is consistently called in Woolfe and Gandon "T. Wright." No other buildings have been connected with his name, though Nuthall shows a mastery of plan and design scarcely credible in an amateur or local practitioner. There was, however, an architect, Stephen Wright, well known at that date, whose work at White Lodge in Richmond Park for George II we saw last week. About 1770, moreover, he was building Clumber for the Duke of Newcastle, and Clumber is not very far from Nuthall. It is, therefore, possible for us to assume that Woolfe and Gandon made a slip in Wright's initial beneath his plates of Nuthall, although he appears correctly in other parts of the volumes and, indeed, in the list of subscribers. The notice on Stephen Wright in the Architectural Dictionary ascribes Nuthall to him, but the Dictionary is prone to errors. Unfortunately, the name Wright is extremely common in that neighbourhood; even the Dictionary of National Biography contains notices of two families of Wrights living in Nottingham, while there was Joseph Wright of Derby and his relations in the next county.

Nuthall is a clever improvement on the villa at Chiswick. Now, it is suggestive to find that a certain Richard Wright, who died in 1734, was the bricklayer employed at Chiswick. There is nothing to show that Richard Wright's son did not, like Carr of York, set up as an architect after having mastered the technicalities of building as an operative. This son might well have studied the plans and details of Chiswick. We will go so far as to assert the probability that the architect of Nuthall was the son of the bricklayer at Chiswick. If there is any truth in that assumption, it rules out all the Wrights of Derby and Nottingham who may or may not have been acquainted with architecture, and brings us back



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5.—A GOTHIC SUMMER-HOUSE

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE YEW WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—THE DRAWING-ROOM, FORMERLY THE DINING-ROOM. CIRCA 1780.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



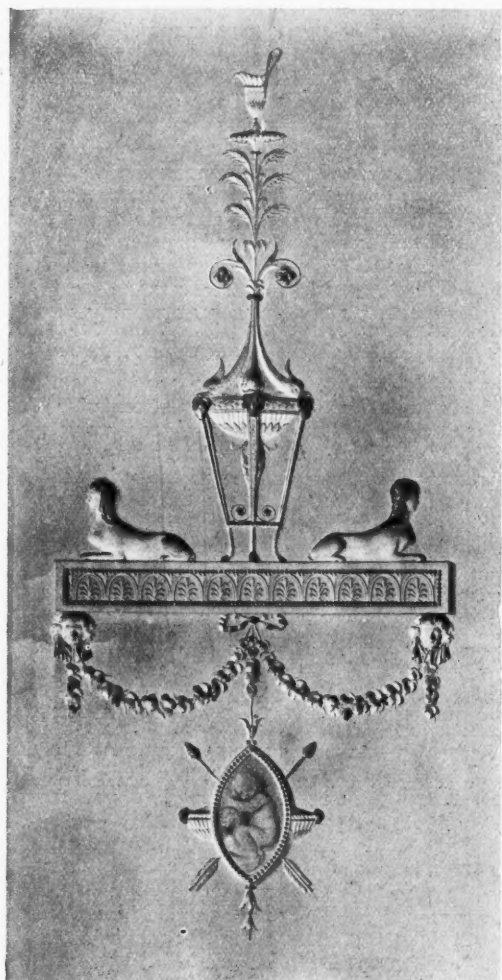
Copyright.

8.—THE LIBRARY, WITH BEFITTING PICTURES AND FURNITURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to the question whether T. Wright and S. Wright are the same person—that is, whether Stephen Wright was the son of Richard Wright of Chiswick. Unhappily, nothing is known of Stephen Wright's parentage, except that the date (1752–53) of his recognition as an architect tallies not unreasonably with his probable age, if the son of Richard Wright.

Now, we have assumed that Nuthall was built by Richard Wright's son—"T." Wright. Does his work bear any resemblance to that of S. Wright? The reply cannot but be an emphatic affirmative. Nuthall is earlier by a few years than any work ascribed to Stephen, and it bears evidence of being an immature architect's work; but it has a simplicity, and a kind of foretaste of Adam, about it which is evident in all Stephen Wright's work. Suppose it was Richard Wright's son's first big commission. He is, perhaps, not over-confident in his ability, and, therefore, like most young artists at that date,



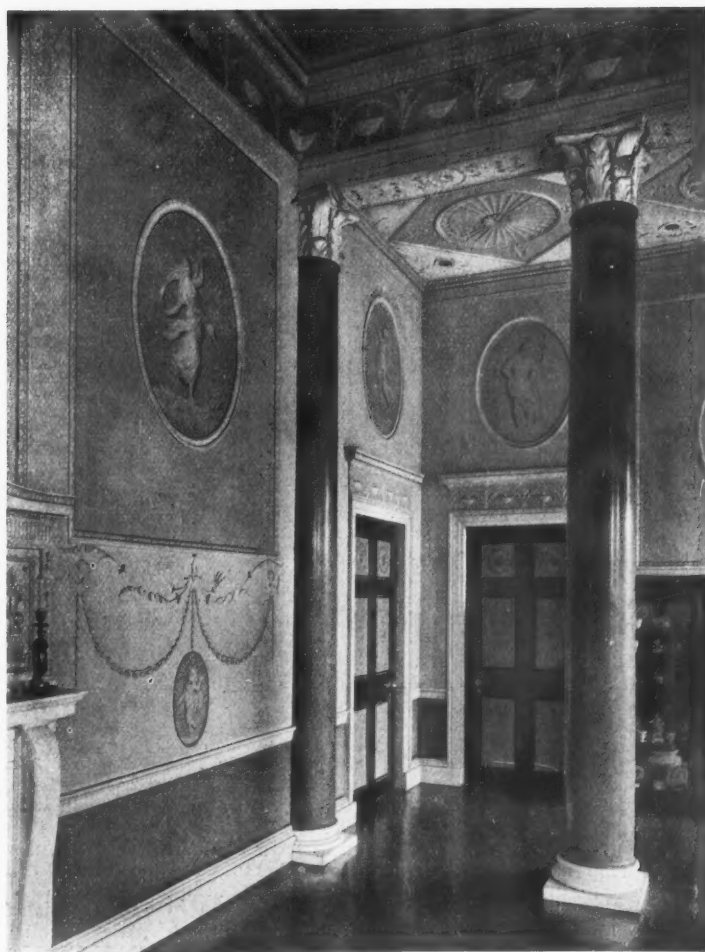
9.—PLASTERWORK IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. (CIRCA 1780.)

he adheres to a model with which he is well acquainted—his father's work at Chiswick. He introduces, however, several important differences. First, he runs his portico off flush with the walls flanking it, making a recess instead of a projection of it. Then he sets a curved bay in the middle of the opposite side (Fig. 4), as is found in early Adam houses, and supports the gallery running round the central octagonal hall on columns, where brackets had supported the other two galleries, as at Footscray.

Nuthall was finished in 1757. In 1758 we find that the new façade of the library at Cambridge has been completed from designs by Stephen Wright—a fine building with the same reserve, though more confident, as that characterising Nuthall. The Duke of Newcastle seems in this, as in all his works, to have furthered Wright, for he was Chancellor of Cambridge. In the same year Stephen Wright, after having held, since 1755, the post of clerk of the works at Hampton Court, was appointed master mason in the King's Board of Works, in the room of Flitcroft, promoted controller. That implies that



Copyright. 10.—A CORNER OF THE OCTAGON HALL "C.L."



Copyright. 11.—IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. "COUNTRY LIFE."

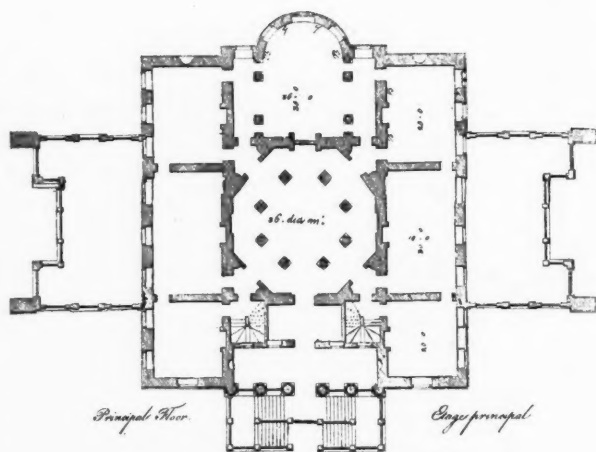
Stephen had sound technical knowledge, such as a builder's son may be presumed to have. Between 1760 and 1767 Wright added the wings at White Lodge to the centre block by Lord Pembroke and Robert Morris and seems to have begun designs for Clumber for his patron, the Duke of Newcastle, which was completed in 1770, the year in which he received the more exalted appointment of Deputy Surveyor, at a salary of £90 per quarter.

The exterior of Nuthall, with its flattened cupola, unsurmounted by any finial ornament, with the compactly rusticated and pedimented windows on the entrance front and the two lofty Venetian windows on the other side, and with, moreover, the sphinxes terminating the low projection to the left in Fig. 2, bears a very remarkable affinity to the early work of Robert Adam. Whoever the architect was, he was imbued with the new style which the Adams and Richardson were to popularise. Only in the pediment—so far as the exterior goes—and, in a less degree, in the two small recessed panels on the opposite side, adorned with richly carved festoons of flowers fastened to massive stone rings (Fig. 4), does the rococo style get a look in.

The same is evident in the drawing-room (Fig. 7), occupying the position held at the other three villas by a gallery. The decoration of this room is surprising in view of its contrast with the riotously elaborate plasterwork in the octagon hall, of which a specimen is given in Fig. 10; moreover, it bears such a strong resemblance to Adam's work that it is impossible for it to be so early as 1757. To be sure, Robert Adam returned from Italy in January of 1758, and we do not know much of his doings for a year or so; but we know enough of his work to feel sure that he would not have executed work such as there is at Nuthall even if he had got there in 1758. As to when exactly the drawing-room was executed it is not possible to say definitely. Mr. Arthur Bolton is inclined to think it later than 1780. This suggests that it was inserted soon after 1779, when Sir Charles Sedley's daughter (Sir Charles having died the year before) married the Hon. Henry Vernon. The room used formerly to be the dining-room.

The character of the decoration has nowhere the vigour or confidence of that executed by Adam himself, so that Stephen Wright may be safely credited with it. Several marble chimney-pieces, notably in the octagon hall, are of Adam period, but may well have been earlier.

The reason for such a delay in decorating the principal living-room of the house may be one of a thousand. The most likely, though, was financial exhaustion brought on by the extremely elaborate plasterwork in the hall—if, indeed, a run



PLAN FROM "VITRUVIUS BRITANNICUS."

of bad luck on the Turf, of which Sir Charles Sedley was a liberal patron, and out of the proceeds of which the house is said to have been built, did not assist. In 1759, however, Sir Charles got somebody—probably Wright—to build the Gothic summer-house (Fig. 5), fashioned as a castellated gateway. It is usually ascribed to Sanderson Miller, but no mention of Nuthall occurs in his correspondence, edited and published by Misses Lilian Dickens and Mary Stanton; and Wright, as we have seen, was clerk of the works at Hampton Court from 1755 to 1759, where Flitcroft had done a certain amount of work in that style. Thus there is every reason why Wright should be credited with its erection.

The photographs sufficiently indicate the simple nature of the other rooms: the library, hung round with portraits of all the philosophers and soldiers of the day, including Thomas Hobbes and Sir Charles himself; and the drawing-room, with its faintly tinted walls and *grisaille* painted ovals. A few companion panels, never used, are yet in the possession of Mr. Holden, showing that they were purchased in round numbers direct from the painter.

The grounds behind the Temple are particularly charming—a large lake (seen from the roof in Fig. 3) being fed by a brook, the steep banks of which provide a charming water garden.

Next week we hope to illustrate the quite unparalleled plasterwork in the octagon hall. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

DOG TRAINING BY AMATEURS

V.—FINDING PROMISCUOUSLY HIDDEN DUMMIES.

HAVING got my pupil so that he will retrieve the dummy well and correctly, I next teach him to hunt for lost game. Before taking the dog from the kennel I place two or three dummies in the rushes or long grass out in the field, always away from the previous training ground. The dog is then let out of the kennel and immediately told to "sit," this while quite close to the door and even while my hand is on the handle. Punctilious obedience must be secured. For a minute or thereabouts the pupil is kept sitting, the trainer then moving on, the word "heel" causing the pupil to follow in a disciplined manner. When the place where the dummies have been put down is reached the pupil is again made to sit, this time by a stamp of the foot. Thus, although the new lesson is the finding of dummies previously laid, a very important new item of discipline has been implanted. Henceforward, the puppy must be made to sit both on leaving and returning to the kennel, the mad scamper which comes so much more naturally often leading a dog to go off on some mission of his own and display unwillingness when called to order. During the morning exercise these desires are rightly given full scope, but when work is afoot discipline should be observed from the start. While splicing in these new items in the procedure, the trainer should not fail to test memory as well by arranging impromptu repetitions of previously taught lessons. When taking a dog out and ordering him first to sit and then to follow at heel, a watchful eye must be directed to check any tendency to rush back to the kennel. In my own case this seldom occurs for, being always on the alert, I am able to detect the budding desire, and thus anticipate and prevent insubordination with a stern "No."

Returning now to the dummies which await discovery, we may conclude that the pupil has been sitting long enough to realise that his master sets the time when duty begins. A few pats, a "Hie Lost" and a forward sweep of the hand in the

direction of one of their number is usually sufficient to start the quest. Care has been taken that the wind sweeps the scent towards the dog, hence he gets early knowledge of the presence of the hidden dummy, giving unmistakable signs of the fact. In coaxing and encouraging tones the trainer keeps on repeating "Hie Lost" right up to the moment when the puppy picks up the dummy; whereupon the trainer wheels round as if to walk away. This is to cause the puppy to break into a canter, and, success having been attained, the trainer turns round and stands quite still for delivery. Since the puppy has already learnt correct deportment in this respect, he nearly always does it perfectly, and then a great deal of fuss is made of him. Again he is sent off in the direction of a dummy, and it is duly retrieved, the trainer dropping those brought back in new places while the puppy is engaged in search. So the lesson proceeds, the puppy learning to quest in any direction indicated by the hand. After about the second day of this practice the task is made more difficult by setting the puppy to work down-wind.

The next item in the programme is to get the pupil to work to hand; but this should not be attempted until a full measure of keenness is evinced. For this purpose the dummy is placed near a thistle or some other mark which may be seen from a distance, the dog being made to quest some slight distance away. When he has reached a favourable position his attention is attracted by a sharp whistle, and the moment he looks up the hand is waved in the direction of the dummy. As the puppy has already learnt much from the motion of the hand, he is not long in discovering that guidance in search is being given, the find which follows being assisted by the wind. Nice calculation is needed to give the whistle just before the scent can be caught, and yet so that a move in the direction indicated will bring the dog into its streak. Repetition quickly implants the idea that the signal indicates the direction where game is most likely to be found.

Nobody takes a stronger stand than I do as to the importance of training dogs to work as far as possible according to the dictates of their own intelligence, fired by the habit of perseverance, hence the above teaching may to some extent be considered inconsistent with the general theory advanced. There is, however, a great difference between working to "hand" and to "whistle." The former is a legitimate mode of assistance, whereas the whistle is often carried to such extremes that a dog surrenders his intelligence to the care of his handler. My policy is dictated by the belief, based on a very wide experience, that when a dog is trained to use its own initiative it does better work than under conditions of passive dependence on the handler, who, when all is said, is working by eye and lacks the knowledge which comes to the dog *via* his nose. Many a time I have seen cases where a dog is hot on the scent of a runner, and is called off by some musically toned whistle to return to a place where the bird was, but is no longer. Some even favour a picking-up whistle, with the result that a dog, perhaps out of sight, awaits the command to do the common-sense thing. However, there are times when the handler sees something which cannot have been perceived by the dog; in which case the hand-wave suffices to indicate the more promising line of search.

I do not keep on longer than is necessary with the wind in the dog's favour, but proceed to make the task more difficult by working in directions where persistent hunting is needed to find the scent streak of the hidden dummy. This part of the pupil's education should be carefully attended to, since its thorough mastery will help both dog and owner in many difficulties, especially such cases as where a bird, which the dog has not been able to mark, has fallen on the other side of a river. Very often a bird is known to be down in a certain direction, but the spot is not certain to the extent of a hundred yards or so. If assistance is limited to the hand wave, other items in the training being co-ordinated, the dog "makes good" his ground all the way, and, receiving a minimum of help from his handler, advances further and further until the game is found. All that I require of a dog is that it shall turn right or left or go ahead according to the motion of the hand, the whistle being used solely to attract his attention. A short sharp note suffices to make the dog look round, a slightly prolonged note conveying the order to come back to heel.

All such lessons as the one here outlined are far and away more easily mastered than the earlier ones. The dog has learnt to obey his trainer, his mind is stored with instances where the trainer's guidance has enabled him to solve many a puzzle, confidence has been established and the awakening intelligence been given its lead.

As soon as a puppy reaches the stage where he begins to show signs of going too fast for his nose or is making his casts too wide, faults to which the Labrador is especially prone, he must be checked with the word "Steady." If this is not sufficient, he must be brought in with a whistle and be started off again, with the ever ready "Steady" to check any signs of exuberance. At a later stage, when the pupil is running a "live" line laid by a pinioned duck, the greatest care must be taken to check any over-running of the actual scent. To hunt a line—that is, to hunt vaguely in the direction indicated by the scent trail—is all wrong, the only safe course being for



THE ENCOURAGING PAT AFTER A RETRIEVE.

the dog to follow the scent itself and thus abstain from running past it in the hope that he may strike it again further ahead. I only refer to this later item in the educational programme in order to indicate that a very common fault in mature dogs may be diagnosed at a stage when preventive measures, perhaps radical in their influence, can be applied.

The dog which keeps his head up and works to and fro along the line which a winged bird has taken is usually lacking both in nose and brains. Unless the scent is very good, such a dog is soon at fault, and seldom becomes really reliable on a runner. Most of the finds so effected are by accident, since once such dogs lose the line they circle around as fast as their legs can carry them in the hope of procuring by sight what they have failed to track down by the safe and sure method which also causes least disturbance to the unworked ground.



DISCIPLINE AT THE KENNEL DOOR.

Conversely, we may locate high gifts of scenting power and also brains in the dog that keeps its nose down and follows the line at the precise speed necessary for keeping on the right track. If people would only check the faulty tendency at its first manifestation they would utilise to the highest advantage whatever nose-power their pupils may possess. Unfortunately, the demand

for style at field trials puts a premium on the tendency I deplore; and, although myself a handler of dogs at many of these meetings, I still pin my faith to game-finding qualities, taking as balm for sundry disappointments the occasions when a series of game-getting successes compel a decision in favour of the competitor under my charge.

R. SHARPE.

THE JOY OF MAKING BRICKS

WE all want to leave behind us a world the better for our efforts, and, if possible, some visible work which will be our monument. We should like that work, during our lifetime, to satisfy all the requirements of our nature. We must take pleasure in it. It must meet the needs of our artistic side. It must be built upon lines which will endure—that we and all engaged in it may live, it must be lucrative.

The painter who paints a great picture may at last be satisfied that he has produced a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνα*, but this at best will only be seen by the few. General Wade may have felt the thrill and the certainty when he had finished his last great road, but the complete conviction, the constant thrill, the paramount success belong to one class alone—the hand brickmaker.

His handicraft adorns every discerning countryside. It improves with years. He labours hard and lovingly. He earns good honest wages. He is among the most independent of our craftsmen. In a word, under proper conditions he is happy.

It is our business, within the compass of one short article, to attempt to define those conditions and to bring it within the power of any who may feel so inclined to start a similar venture upon sound lines.

First find your clay. This must be near the surface, with a minimum depth of 8ft., free from all impurities—no stones, no chalk. Better for you if it be on or near a railway as, even in these days of motor transport, a siding is essential to a large

business. Find a Sir Edwin Lutyens to inspire you with the first principles—texture, colour and thinness. Make up your mind that the nearer you keep to one of the oldest processes in the world the better you will succeed—i.e., in planning your yard lay it out for hand work throughout and Scotch kilns. Get your plant as good as possible, working the whole scheme downhill from the clay face, adapting it to the kiln capacity you contemplate, with good storage ground along your siding. Start to dig your clay before Christmas and you will be ready to commence operations when the fear of frost has vanished.

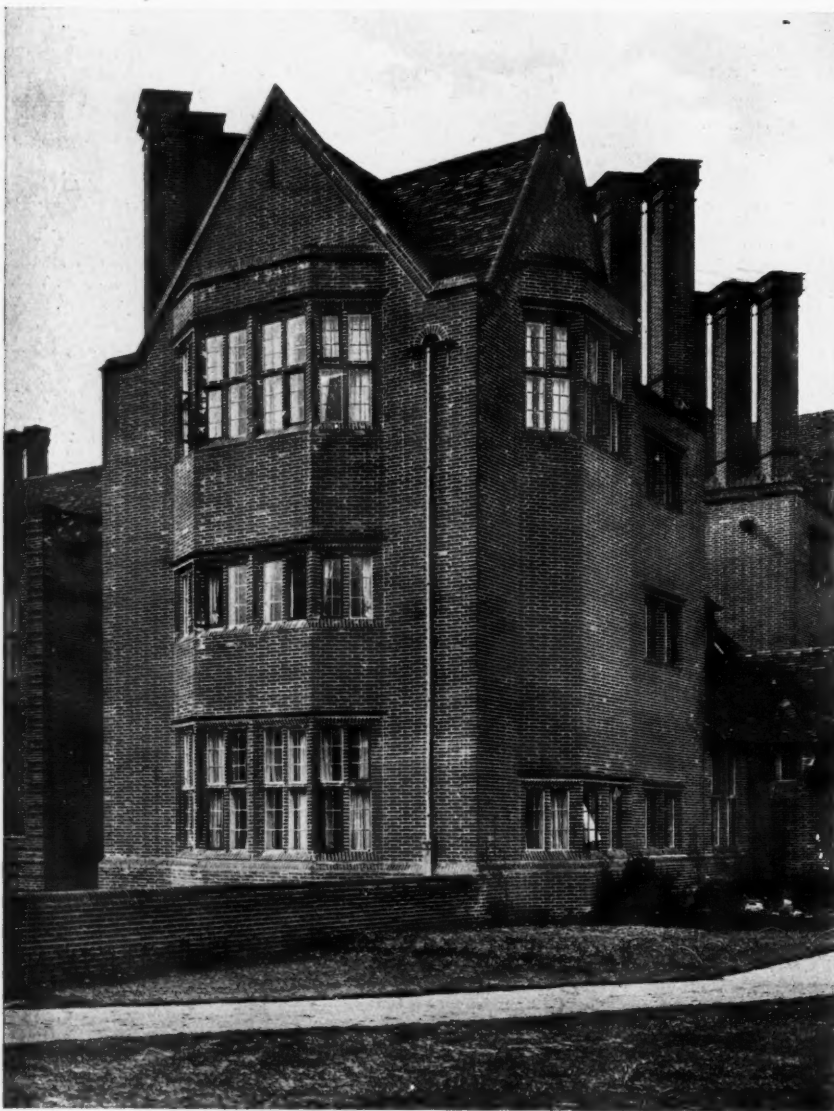
This all pre-supposes that you can get your men, and this is the keynote, as in no business can more depend upon each man. The hand brickmaker has, since the introduction of big plants and machinery, very much diminished in numbers. The craft used to be handed down from father to son. The families were generally enormous, and at the age of twelve or thereabouts the boys used to go into the yard to help their fathers and were gradually initiated into the mysteries. If you want to secure good men you must offer them: (1) Security of employment all the year round. (2) A decent house. (3) Good pay. (4) What social amenities are possible. (5) An interest in the business. Given all this, you will probably be unable to attract sufficient for your requirements from other manufacturers, which shows how good the conditions are under which they work, and you will have to train a certain proportion for yourself. The experience of the writer in this respect has been most fortunate. Men

from all classes of occupation, indoor and out, have, since the war, served their apprenticeship and are now in a position to earn good and permanent wages. Others have failed, but not for want of trying; remember that this is hard and heavy work, a hand moulder has to shift fifteen tons of clay a week and it is not surprising that a certain percentage fail to come up to the standard which is required.

Then you must house as large a percentage of the employees as possible. You yourself should live on the spot, making your home the centre. Your manager, clerks, foremen and others all have to be at work early and late. It is, therefore, essential, even if you have a town or village within easy reach, to house as many as you can possibly afford. In twenty years we have managed just about 50 per cent., but look forward to an extension as the costs of building come down. We have had one most salutary experience. We, in our zeal and ignorance, promoted in 1919 a public utility society, with a view to housing both our own men and artisans and others who were unable to get accommodation of any kind in the neighbouring town.

As hitherto, we built with our own men; but, whereas before the war we had always built cottages with three bedrooms, we now had to deal with Government requirements. The upshot was that the money we had in hand, which was sufficient to build thirty in 1919, by the time we had finished in 1920 did not finish fourteen. The cost was three times pre-war—the rents are now still more than double. The houses have been, and still are, always occupied, but till the State releases our trade from all restrictions we shall never again build on our own account. State intervention turned what had been a great success in private hands into an intolerable burden, and we have only the satisfaction of knowing that fourteen families were housed. *Note.*—Only build what cottages you can afford to deal with from your own resources.

Then we come to pay. This is largely governed by the rate of pay for mechanics in the district. The main



MODERN BRICKWORK FULL OF TEXTURE.



THE BRICKMAKER'S IDEAL—FIFTEENTH CENTURY WORK (OXBURGH HALL),

principle is to make the whole of the work, where possible, piece-work, at a price at which the good man can earn really good wages. He must, in addition, have a further incentive in a share of the profits of the business.

This brings us to the dominant motif, co-partnership, which must be explained in some detail.

You will, probably, float your concern either as a public or a private company, as the best form to make for permanence and to give legal effect to your aims. It will be necessary to decide at the start the form in which you propose to distribute surplus profits, if earned. In our case we have arrived at the following basis: 5 per cent. non-cumulative preference shares, to be held only by employees (maximum 200 £1 shares), in the ratio of one preference share to three ordinary shares.

After paying 5 per cent. on the preference shares the ordinary shares receive $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., any balance of profit is divided rateably between preference and ordinary. This may be the place at which to point out that we have followed the principle of co-partnership since our start in 1902, and that since the foundation of the company in 1919 the preference shareholders have received in each year a substantial further dividend, due, in part, to the small amount of ordinary capital issued.

There is a provision in the articles for the appointment by the preference shareholders of a director when the capital taken up by them reaches a certain figure not yet attained. The point upon which we would lay stress is the personal interest in the business taken by an employee who has his own money in it, with a good share of surplus profits; the advantage in working is immediately apparent. We are of opinion that a bonus to each man working does not meet the case. The man must be a co-partner, and then we are prepared to do for him all that is humanly possible.

Then the amenities. These must depend upon the facilities within reach. Our successes here have been many and varied. All manner of annual outings, on which much travelling, good food and drink, music and water, fresh or salt, are essential to our complete enjoyment. The Christmas tree for all, young and old. The Sunday Club, with mission service and games after, cricket, golf, croquet have all had their vogue. A winter club, with whist, darts, air-gun shooting, several dances, a visit to the first big house we made and seeing all our work complete. These are some of the successes that come to mind. Success will never be complete until we have a real club house and canteen of our own, as with the best will in the world private hospitality can never confer the same sense of freedom and enjoyment as your own club; so we would include a canteen with a room big enough for meetings and club in the housing scheme.

So much for the practical details of what is wanted. The capital required can only be given approximately, as those who were fortunate enough to have built wisely before the war will for a long time to come have a great pull over those who have to make the outlay now. In our own case a capital of £30,000 commands an output of about 4,000,000 bricks and tiles and should earn 12 per cent. for the ordinary shareholders. To do that to-day would require larger capital, with consequently smaller dividends.

Now for the interesting part of the business. Having made your bricks, you have to sell them. We will assume that you make, as do we, the very best bricks in the world, that they are of every imaginable size, thinness, colour and texture—that they will match existing old work or make a new house immediately beautiful, still they must be known and seen to be appreciated. You will, possibly, not wish to undergo the experience of the writer who, fortified by the design and exhortation of Sir Edwin Lutyens, built a kiosk at the Building Exhibition and lived in it



BRICKS USED PURELY DECORATIVELY.

for a fortnight of glorious life, galled by contemptuous criticism of his first efforts, learning all the time the requirements of clients and architects, exalted to heights by generous encouragement, dazzled by the possibilities then first grasped, with a fitting climax in the reception within the kiosk of a visit from a very Gracious Majesty.

But whether you do this or no, you have to learn your business, and the scope of it is prodigious. You must be able to decipher the plans and handwriting of architects, lead them gently from the impossible to the practicable, persuade them that the very beautiful designs you have in stock may answer their purpose as well as their own pet fancy, which will take many months and many pennies to produce. Given a fine day and everyone in a good temper, there is no more delightful occupation than commercial travelling among architects when business is good and you know that you can carry out their requirements.

We must next speak of clients. You will receive from an

ever-increasing circle of clients demands of every possible kind, generally for samples, plans or advice at no notice. In these days one of the most hopeful signs is the very real interest taken by the laity in making their homes beautiful, also the practical knowledge that is shown by most, but this class of business calls for definite patience and infinite tact.

The bulk of your business will come from the builders, a much maligned race, who have suffered cruelly at the hands of a State whose best friend they were, when allowed. For really satisfactory work it is necessary that both architect and builder should be implicated. Where there is one private individual or builder who can plan, or get you to plan for him, and carry work to success, there are more who fail, and it pays best to go through the ordinary channels. You have, therefore, to reach, in the first instance, the client, the builder, the architect, and this may best be done by pictures, photographs, catalogues, postcards, all showing your work to the best advantage. What matters is to convey to each applicant your intention to do your level best for them.

Once you are launched, much of this becomes superfluous, as your bricks make friends for themselves wherever they go. One little fireplace in a dingy northern town has led, before now, to as much of a mining village as we would care to tackle, and just pause to consider the benefit that you would confer on a mining village by making it of your beautiful bricks and tiles.

If you have read so far, you will have realised that the one thing necessary is to live by, for and with bricks. That without enthusiasm, from the office boy to the chairman, the company is not worth the making. That the proudest, the most satisfying, the most joyous position offered by this world is that of either a craftsman or a director of a co-partnership hand-making brick company.

This atmosphere creates success. There must be a very wide section of the artistic world to whom success upon such lines as these must appeal. To begin with, it is no small satisfaction to be able to employ a maximum number of handicraftsmen remuneratively. Then you have the certainty that you are at last upon sound lines, when you have determined the point at which labour and office shall share in surplus profits. You are definitely making the world at large and homes in particular more lovely. There is scope for infinite development. We are, even in these times, more busy than we have ever been. It is too much to look forward to a time when, in this absorbingly interesting trade of ours, client, builder, merchant, architect, brickmaker and bricklayer will all feel and recognise their interdependence? That the time is within sight when those

who have, with so much sacrifice and foresight, guided their members to a secure basis from which to bargain will see the wisdom of fettering individual enterprise? We believe that we shall live to see an England secure in independence

because, grounded on justice, growing more beautiful with the spread of knowledge, with masters and men no longer at arm's or dagger's length, but united in the most satisfying bond of co-partnership.

WALTER R. HOARE.

"COUNTRY LIFE" MINIATURE-RIFLE COMPETITION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP.

By MAX BAKER.

THIS year's contest, while it marks another victory for Charterhouse, making the fourth in succession, has got rid of the "also ran" suggestion about the scores next in sequence. Last year, when the conditions were slightly different, we had a winning total of 885, with 803 for second place and 787 for third; whereas this year the series runs 993, 985, 977, 968, 937, 935, 931, etc. What is still more remarkable is that a year ago nearly all the winner's lead was gained in the Landscape series, while this time they were usefully beaten in this particular section by the schools gaining the next three places, also by Rugby and Repton, who are further down the list. While, therefore, good sportsmanship will acclaim the fine all-round result achieved by what must be regarded as our premier shooting school, they themselves will join us in congratulating the others who have purged their task of the walk-over tendencies towards which it was degenerating. Marlborough, with second place, has done a noteworthy climb from thirteenth last year and twelfth the year before; and but for bad luck in the Grouping series it would have gained the summit. Trent repeats its position of third last year; while Eton, which comes next, has shown such concentration on shooting that it may bump up top any time. St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, which I visited a few weeks ago and selected as a good tip for the race, devotes exceptional care to its rifles as well as to the human element, hence has fully earned its high position. Radley, as a treble past winner, has an assured place among the top sawyers. Rugby, at seventh this year against eighth previously, besides doing so well in the Landscape, put up a fine score in the most difficult Rapid Fire series, but sustained a few slips in the Grouping test. Rossall, which went to pieces a year ago, has more than resumed its earlier form. Charterhouse's second team proves that what is bred in the bone is no exclusive perquisite of the highly selected first eight. Ardingly, another of my unpublished tips, has justified the high expectations formed in all but the Landscape series, which we know carries a spice of luck. Dover College, whose name has not appeared in recent lists, has entered the fold with a splendid leap; George Watson's is twelfth instead of twenty-ninth; while Oundle, with thirteenth place, has accomplished a still bigger jump from forty-first. This comprises the scores of 900 or over, the scraper-in making just over 90 per cent. of the winning score, whereas a year ago the thirteenth in the series was only 78 per cent. of the best. Wherever the comparison is made it tells the same tale of consistent levelling-up to the best. For instance, Tonbridge, thirtieth in the list, has a score of 804, which is 81 per cent. of the best, whereas last year's thirtieth place showed but 69 per cent. of the winner's compilation.

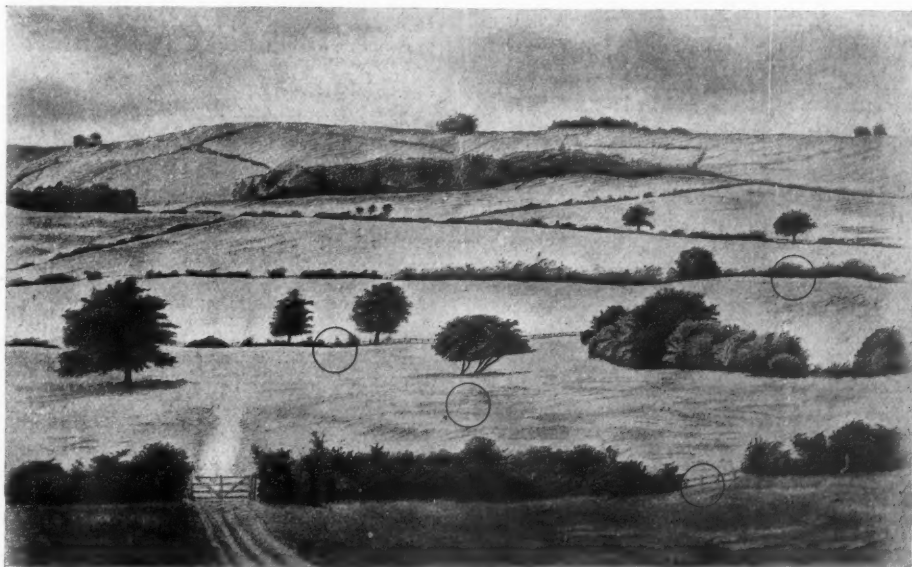
Reviewing the position from the point of view of entries, we have here a total of sixty-seven; last year there were sixty-two, and before that thirty-five, though only first teams were then allowed to compete. For the "B" Cup the entries total twenty-seven, so showing an improvement of six on the previous total. Our grand aggregate for the two cups is thus ninety-four, hence there is a possibility of topping the century next year.

The supreme utility of the COUNTRY LIFE Public Schools Miniature Rifle Championship resides in the fact that it enables the shooting eight and its reserves to be chosen and put into training early in the winter term. Frequent inter-school correspondence matches are shot under its conditions; as a result the teams which will go to Bisley have completed the most important part of their training before the summer term begins. When they do start work at the full-distance range, using Service ammunition, attention may from the start be concentrated on wind influence and the various other snags which are peculiar to the real thing. True, there is a brief interval before the proficiency gained on the miniature range is reproduced in presence of a serious recoil, but the set-back is soon overcome, when the reward for good foundation work becomes manifest. These preparatory and educative influences are nowadays widely appreciated, whence follows the increasing list of schools which extract the fullest possible benefit from small-bore practice. In addition we must recognise the inherent sporting qualities of a carefully devised .22 rifle contest as compared with the more solemn and deliberate work which is enforced in the case of the Service rifle. Miniature range shooting can and often does suffer from lack of diversity; but who could possibly feel dull when, as in our competition, only five rounds out of a total of twenty-three are fired under deliberate conditions? The preliminary sighting series—for that is all it amounts to—is immediately followed by the helter-skelter rush which is inseparable from getting off ten aimed rounds, single loaded, in the remarkably brief time of one minute. Not only do the teams fire all their shots in the allotted time, but they manage to make groups, as our illustrations testify. In the appended list it will be seen that out of a highest possible of 400 for the team the totals over 300 run far down the list, and this means many fine individual contributions. Next in the programme are five rounds at a target which bobs up and down with a three-seconds exposure, most of the shots being delivered before the time limit has half expired. Again, who could get bored?

The Landscape is the final item in the series of practices. This year we have issued but one target, that here illustrated. It is printed in black and white; its sharp outlining and other special features aim at ready identification of the objectives chosen for the particular occasion, the same being indicated by circles—this year of 1½ ins. diameter, against 1 in. previously. The fire director discovers them by the aid of glasses, and by verbal description makes their position known to the successive pairs of shooters. We are very anxious to simplify practice in this department of the competition, and to that end now limit the issue of targets to one per season in place of the previous series

of three, any one of which might be used. In the latest design the description features are of so obvious a character that the target needs no "learning." Yet the move towards simplicity in no way diminishes the practice value of shooting at objectives unmarked by the conventional bull's-eye.

In another direction we have introduced changes making for greater ease of working. Formerly the

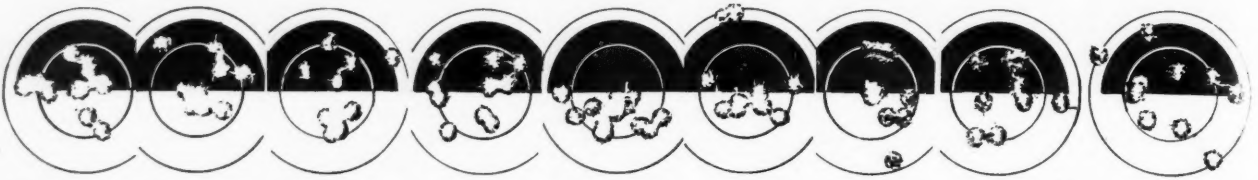


THIS YEAR'S LANDSCAPE TARGET, SHOWING THE OBJECTIVES USED FOR THE COMPETITION.



From left to right: Hon. C. E. Fremantle (*Eton*), C. M. Omerod (*Rugby I*), R. R. Penney (*Repton*), D. F. F. Brewster (*St. Lawrence*), J. T. Taylor (*Bloxham*), J. A. Gimson (*Sutton Valence*), F. Norrington (*King's College School, Wim.*), A. J. T. McDowall (*Edinburgh Academy*), E. H. Cookson (*St. Bees*), J. M. Freeman (*Charterhouse II*), H. J. M. MacDonald (*George Watson's*), T. S. Marshall (*Marlborough I*).

GROUPING (FIVE SHOTS).



P. Pelham-Browne. Beaumont. J. C. Conn. Edinburgh Academy. S. F. Fawcett. R. G. S. Lancaster. Hon. J. S. Maclay. Winchester. Prince Y. R. Holkar. Charterhouse II. D. R. McCullough. George Watson's. S. L. Chappell. Denstone. G. N. Marks. Charterhouse. J. F. Ginnett. Erichton.

RAPID (TEN SHOTS).

grouping target had a circular bull, the rapid was a tin-hat, and the snap a head-and-shoulders outline, three targets each requiring a slightly differing sight adjustment or point of aim. Now the one tin-hat target serves for the first two series, while the head and shoulders is replaced by another half-bull, this time in disc form.

As to rifles, we can confidently affirm that under the educational influences of competition a large number of wartime relics have been thrown out. Bad results are no longer looked upon as an exclusively human product; rifles which punish good shooting are quickly detected, and there is increasing appreciation of the fact that skill cannot be developed in partnership with bad rifles. So vital is this change of sentiment towards the rifle that one may take for granted that the competitors at the nether end of the list have not as yet attained enlightenment. Speaking generally, there is an aggregate of factors making for the growth in popularity and importance of our competition; and, although the majority have been named, the most important has been left till last. We refer to the devoted enthusiasm of the masters who make shooting their special care and study. No one sings their praises: they are content to labour for the good of a cause the importance of which has been graven into their souls by practical war experience.

All that is general in the above remarks applies equally to the competitors for our Class B Cup, which differs from the other only in the fact that it is limited to schools having less than three platoons of infantry. The Royal Grammar School, Lancaster, has gained the cup after twice playing second fiddle to West Buckland, which now is second, Giggleswick is third, against fourth last year. These three leading places all show scores of 900 or over; thus the winner would have been ninth on the Class A list, the second would have been eleventh, and the third would have won thirteenth place on counting out the tie.

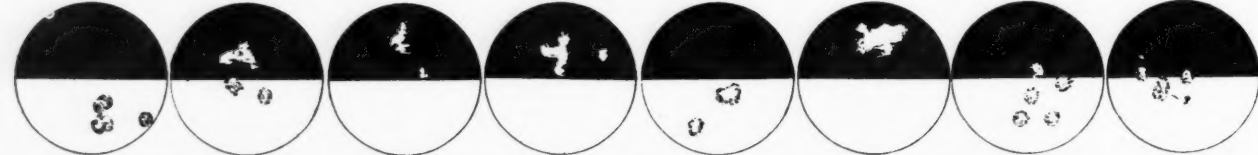
The Proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE present one rifle to each of the first three schools in each list, with, in addition, medals to the individual team members concerned.

Though the targets of high individual merit which are here reproduced will afford some idea of the skill gained, they are not necessarily the best, our idea having been rather to emphasise the widespread distribution of talent than its highest manifestations. Anybody who would compare these results with the performances at miniature clubs must bear in mind that the open sights of the short Lee-Enfield are not only a bad shape for accurate alignment, but are inconveniently close to the eye; also that the rifle has not the sweet trigger pull of the specialist's weapon. Finally, we must remember that few boys are sufficiently developed to hold the full-weight and overbalanced Service rifle with the steadiness that could be achieved with a rifle in nearer proportion to their strength and reach.

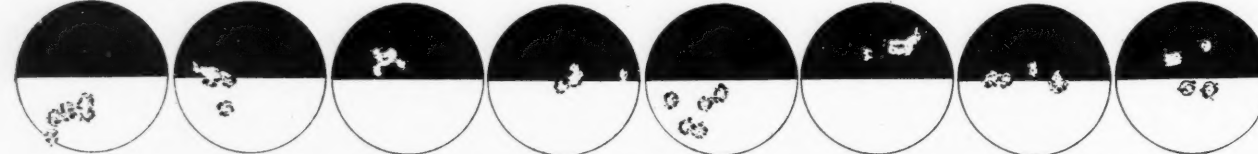
CLASS "A" CUP.

(Schools with three platoons or over.)

		Group- ing.	Rapid.	Shooting	Land- scape.	Total.
1	CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team	70	358	195	370	993
2	MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 1st team	54	336	180	415	985
3	TRENT COLLEGE	59	328	170	420	977
4	ETON COLLEGE	60	348	175	385	968
5	ST. LAWRENCE COLLEGE	65	342	180	350	937
6	RADLEY COLLEGE	70	330	185	350	935
7	RUGBY SCHOOL	39	327	165	400	931
8	ROSSALL SCHOOL	60	339	160	365	924
9	CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 2nd team	60	347	160	350	917
10	ARDINGLY COLLEGE	75	345	170	325	915
11	DOVER COLLEGE	55	336	145	370	906
12	GEORGE WATSON'S COLLEGE	80	343	195	285	903
13	OUNDLE SCHOOL	55	330	160	355	900
14	REPTON SCHOOL	60	304	150	385	899
15	KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM	65	329	175	330	899
16	WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 1st team	70	340	145	335	890
17	ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD	65	323	190	305	883
18	SHERBORNE SCHOOL, 1st team	60	296	145	360	861
19	BRIGHTON COLLEGE, 1st team	55	339	165	295	854
20	MERCHISTON CASTLE	52	312	155	325	844
21	DURHAM SCHOOL	65	317	175	285	842
22	WHITGIFT GRAMMAR SCHOOL	46	299	140	355	840
23	EDINBURGH ACADEMY	65	312	135	325	837
24	DENSTONE COLLEGE	65	337	150	275	827
25	AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE	52	296	175	300	823
26	ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL	44	328	175	275	822
27	LANCING COLLEGE	50	320	160	290	820
28	WREKIN COLLEGE	60	323	180	255	818
29	UPPINGHAM SCHOOL	50	295	150	310	805
30	TONBRIDGE SCHOOL	39	330	160	275	804
31	BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, 1st team	55	274	130	340	799
32	KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY	47	302	135	315	799
33	KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL	55	317	140	280	792
34	WESTMINSTER SCHOOL	55	303	145	285	788
35	MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 2nd team	55	294	110	345	784
36	GRESHAM'S SCHOOL	49	286	160	270	765
37	BRIGHTON COLLEGE, 2nd team	47	321	125	270	763
38	ST. BEES SCHOOL	55	312	140	255	762
39	CRANLEIGH SCHOOL	57	315	140	250	762
40	WELLINGTON COLLEGE	45	338	155	215	753
41	FELSTED SCHOOL	45	279	130	295	749
42	HURSTPIERPOINT COLLEGE	47	278	145	275	745
43	MALVERN COLLEGE	39	289	125	290	743
44	EPSOM COLLEGE	50	310	160	220	740
45	SHERBORNE SCHOOL, 2nd team	55	312	130	240	737
46	SHREWSBURY SCHOOL	48	320	145	210	723
47	MILL HILL SCHOOL	47	314	135	225	721
48	BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, 2nd team	47	295	125	250	717
49	BEAUMONT COLLEGE	57	295	150	215	717
50	PORTSMOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL	47	270	100	290	707
51	WORKSOP COLLEGE	54	273	115	265	707
52	CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL	47	304	110	245	706
53	WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 2nd team	47	275	160	190	672
54	CHELTHENHAM COLLEGE	31	293	120	220	664
55	UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL	29	274	125	220	648
56	BRIDLINGTON SCHOOL	45	263	130	205	643



C. D. Hill. Mill Hill. T. S. Marshall. Marlborough. F. A. Merry. Berkhamsted. R. E. P. Byrne. Wellington. F. G. M. Ramsay. Eton. F. Reynolds. West Buckland. C. H. Boutflower. Rossall. L. F. Watts. R. G. S. Guildford.



J. W. Sherwood. Oundle. W. E. Cowie. George Watson's. E. F. Ma'n. Portsmouth G. S. R. G. S. Lancaster. F. E. Taylor. Charterhouse II. J. Prain. R. Bugler. Reigate. H. Y. Watson. Lancing. G. D. Milling. St. Bees.

SNAP TARGET.

	Group- ing.	Rapid.	Snap- Shooting	Land- scape.	Total.
57 STONYHURST COLLEGE, 1st team ..	34	283	125	180	622
58 DULWICH COLLEGE, 1st team ..	42	266	120	185	613
59 THE LEYS SCHOOL ..	26	270	95	220	611
60 BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL ..	44	278	155	130	607
61 REIGATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL ..	52	266	110	165	593
62 CHRIST'S HOSPITAL ..	60	261	100	135	556
63 STONYHURST COLLEGE, 2nd team ..	34	254	100	150	538
64 DULWICH COLLEGE, 2nd team ..	34	225	90	145	494
65 DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL, 1st team ..	31	208	60	160	459
66 GLASGOW HIGH SCHOOL ..	36	196	70	120	422
67 DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	29	185	40	130	384

* These teams shot at the 20yds. range.

BEST SCORES FOR THE RESPECTIVE PRACTICES.

GROUPING.				
GEORGE WATSON'S COLLEGE	80
ARDINGLY COLLEGE	75
CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team (Winners)	70
RADLEY COLLEGE	70
WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 1st team	70
RAPID.				
CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team (Winners)	358
ETON COLLEGE	348
CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 2nd team	347
SNAPSHOOTING.				
CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team (Winners)	195
GEORGE WATSON'S COLLEGE	195
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD	190
LANDSCAPE.				
TRENT COLLEGE	420
MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 1st team (Second)	415
RUGBY SCHOOL	400

CLASS "B" CUP.

(Schools with less than three platoons.)

	Group- ing.	Rapid.	Snap- Shooting	Land- scape.	Total.
1 ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LANCASTER ..	70	372	190	290	922
2 WEST BUCKLAND SCHOOL ..	60	337	185	330	912
3 GIGGESWICK SCHOOL ..	60	335	185	320	900
4 EXETER SCHOOL ..	55	314	140	325	834
5 BLOXHAM SCHOOL ..	50	279	150	310	780
6 OAKHAM SCHOOL ..	34	284	110	360	788
7 SUTTON VALENCE SCHOOL ..	49	290	140	265	744
8 SOLIHULL SCHOOL ..	40	300	150	225	715
9 NEWTON COLLEGE ..	40	255	130	285	710
10 SKINNERS' SCHOOL ..	36	272	140	250	698
11 DORCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL ..	47	307	110	225	689
12 KING'S SCHOOL, BRUTON ..	37	288	155	205	685
13 LEEDS GRAMMAR SCHOOL ..	35	297	130	220	682
14 THE ORATORY SCHOOL ..	39	302	130	200	671
15 SIR ROGER MANWOOD'S SCHOOL ..	28	259	110	270	667
*16 HYMERS COLLEGE ..	47	285	95	235	662
17 WEYMOUTH COLLEGE ..	42	261	135	215	653
18 GEORGE HERIOT'S SCHOOL ..	37	274	110	230	651
19 CHURCHER'S COLLEGE ..	39	271	160	180	650
20 ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WORCESTER ..	31	268	125	215	639
*21 LOUTH SCHOOL ..	47	293	100	145	625
22 KELLY COLLEGE ..	44	275	155	185	619
23 KING'S SCHOOL, WORCESTER ..	47	253	130	175	605
*24 BOURNEMOUTH SCHOOL ..	55	229	90	155	529
25 FOREST SCHOOL ..	31	232	90	175	528
26 ALLHALLOWS SCHOOL ..	30	221	110	160	521
27 KING ALFRED'S SCHOOL, WANTAGE ..	17	240	80	155	492

* These teams shot at the 20yds. range.

THE LADIES AT STOKE POGES

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

WHEN tea-time came at Stoke Poges last Saturday even the wonderful display of sugary cakes could not prevent the ladies from being a little depressed. Once more they had lost the match to the men who presumed to give them a half. Once more they had made a desperate fight of it in the singles, only to be overwhelmed in the foursomes.

If it were not for the history of the previous matches I should always expect the ladies to win, and yet they do not. It is inexplicable, but it is a fact. They seem to play very well. The feeling of trying to give one of them a stroke at every other hole is anything but cheering, and yet the brutal fact remains. Admitted that Stoke with its fine series of two-shot holes suits the men to perfection, admitted that golf is hard work when you are constantly playing the odd, admitted, in short, anything you please, this recurring victory of the men is very puzzling.

The great match of the day was, of course, between Miss Wethered and Mr. Tolley. It was a great achievement on Mr. Tolley's part to halve, for it was the general impression beforehand that to give Miss Wethered in her present form nine strokes was beyond the power of man. Alas! I saw nothing of the match, since I was struggling two holes behind them, but everybody who watched it described it as a splendid match, full of splendid golf. When, with the match all square, Miss Wethered was on the edge of the seventeenth green in two, with a stroke in hand, her stock rose appreciably, but here Mr. Tolley made a characteristic effort, deliberately carried the tall trees to the right with a tremendous tee shot, played a beautiful iron shot to the green and holed his putt for three. Miss Wethered got her perfect four as she did at the last hole, and so a great game had the most satisfactory possible ending.

Yet the heroine of the ladies' side was not, for once in a way, Miss Wethered, but Mrs. Dobell. She did twelve holes in an average of fours, and that was enough for poor Mr. Noel Layton. She was out in 39, which was good, but it was as nothing to what followed—three at the tenth, three at the eleventh and yet again three at the twelfth. Mr. Layton, already four down, was fairly snowed under by this avalanche of threes. It was a real joy to everyone to see Mrs. Dobell playing like her best pre-war self, for there is no more popular nor more cheerful golfer. It was at Stoke, I think, that I saw her play her very best golf when, really setting her teeth, she beat Miss Leitch by 3 and 2 in the semi-final of the Ladies' Pictorial Tournament. It was extremely characteristic of her that on that occasion, having thus played like a demi-semi-angel, she missed the ball the whole way round in the final with unimpaired mirthfulness and lost to Mrs. Macbeth by a number of holes so large that I refuse to remember it.

Mrs. Macbeth was another lady who played very well last Saturday. Last year she had beaten Mr. de Montmorency, and he was waiting for her in a spirit of what I may call friendly revengefulness. It was of no avail, however, for Mrs. Macbeth, flicking the ball along with that beautiful effortless swing of hers, and flicking it no mean distance, was always just in front and won on the seventeenth green. I do not think that it was merely because she beat me that I thought Miss Fowler a very good player. She is long and strong, and a very sound iron player. Indeed, when I heard that in two successive medal rounds she had done 79 at West Hill and 80 at Hadley Wood, I guessed what was in store for me. In fact, owing to some luck and some good shots, I seemed at one moment likely to halve with her. After she had been dormy three on me I won the sixteenth and seventeenth in three apiece, and was stone dead at the last hole while she was 7yds. or 8yds. away in the like. And then she laid me the unkindest stymie in the world. Really it was poetic justice, because I had hit the flag at the hole before, but this is one of the things one thinks of afterwards!

At the top of the team the ladies held their own and more, but, as always happens in this match, the men at the end of the team did much damage—Captain Pearson, for instance, and Mr. Evan Campbell, who both played altogether too well for their adversaries. And when it came to the foursomes the ladies' score was that of Dingley Dell against All Muggleton. Ladies do not play foursomes as much as men do, and having also more beautiful and unselfish natures they seem to be more worried—for their partners' sakes—over their mistakes. That at least is the only explanation I can give why the men always win the foursomes. It is a pity that the men win the match every year, but I confess that as long as I play in it I shall always have a blood-thirsty desire for them to do so.

A TORNADO OF GOLF.

For anybody who ought to look at it all and wants to play in even a little of it, there seems sometimes to be almost too much golf nowadays. With the arrival of our American guests we are swallowed up in a whirlpool of golf. First there is the Golf Illustrated Vase at Oxhey, which will be over when these words are printed. Then there is the meeting of the Americans and the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society at Rye; then the St. George's Vase at Sandwich will very likely, owing to the large number of entries, have to be played at the rate of a round a day; then the England and Scotland match at Deal, and then, when people will be either in very good practice or half dead, the Championship. A very few days after the Championship is over comes the match for the Walker Cup between America and Great

Britain at St. Andrews. There are others. The ladies are this week fighting International battles at Ranelagh, and their Championship at Burnham is at the same time as the amateurs' at Deal. The professionals, whose festival of the Open Championship is at Troon early in June, will be warming to their work with the *Daily Mail* Tournament, which is something like a dress rehearsal of the Championship.

Merely to think about all this golf makes one dizzy. To prophesy about it would drive one mad. There are one or two very obvious things to say. First, that any lady who is to beat Miss Wethered in the Ladies' Championship will have to play tremendous golf. I had the pleasure at Stoke of being pulled round by her in a foursome. She seems to me to be playing better than ever. Her swing of the club is a perfect model of trueness and the way in which she holed out 5ft. putts when I left her

that horrid distance short, filled me with admiration. Her most dangerous opponent should be Miss Fowler, who is on her native heath at Burnham and it is a heath where local knowledge is valuable.

Of the amateurs, leaving the formidable Americans on one side, Mr. Holderness and Mr. Tolley seem the two simplest "tips" to give, the former because, by winning last year, he has gained the one thing he lacked, namely confidence, the latter because he is playing not only beautiful golf, but winning golf. Certainly I have never seen him play so well. His swing seems now perfectly effortless and he is consciously hitting less hard than he used to, but he has never driven further nor so straight. His iron play, too, is very crisp and accurate and he is always apt to hole putts. There are people, I believe, who are betting 20 to 1 against him. I think they are rash.

TIMOTHY BROWN, OR THE SANCTUARY FOX

BY EAST RIDING.

Timothy Brown had four couples of hounds,
Four couples of hounds had he.
He hunted them here, he hunted them there,
For an outlying deer, a fox, or a hare,
No matter which it might be.

Captain, and Ranger, the bitch Bonny Bell;
(A bandy-legged bitch was she)
The rest of the pack was a nondescript lot,
But Timothy cared not one tittle or jot
For blood or high pedigree.

His jolly red face, the twang of his horn,
The brandy flask at his knee,
His 'hogany tops, and weather-stained coat,
His Hoicks! Tally-hoes! and Hallooes! lusty note,
Were goodly to hear and see.

His old sorrel mare, with the big Roman nose,
Bespeaking her high degree;
Could carry him fast, could carry him straight
Over grassland, and plough, over brook, fence and gate.
All sinew and bone was she.

But the old dog fox, with a splash of white
Between his eyes so cunning,
Was more than a match for Tim in the chase;
So wily was he, such endurance and pace
He showed, when hounds were running.

As often as Tim hallooed him away,
'Twas ever the same, he'd lost him.
He swore by his hat, he swore by his head,
He would have him at last, alive or dead,
Whatever the price it cost him.

Tim was early astir, and off with his hounds
A-hunting, one autumn morn.
'Twas an ideal day for a good clinging scent.
That wily dog fox knew well what it meant
When he heard Tim's lusty horn.

'Twas "Hoicks yooi yoicks!" with "Come push him out there!"
Growing nearer, and nearer still.
The old dog fox stole from the patch of gorse
Down to the brook, and along by its course,
And leapt the stream by the mill.

Away then he went to the big birch wood,
There safety he sure might find,
But the 'pyes and jays such a chatt'ring made,
He feared that his presence would be betrayed,
So he left that wood behind.

The silly sheep, in the fold on the hill,
Ran helter-skelter bleating.
But the shepherd spied him lolloping by,
And cried "Tally ho!" till his throat was dry.
An all too hearty greeting.

Then that wily fox, with a splash of white
Between his eyes, bethought him
Of a willow, that grew aslant a brook,
Where he'd hidden, and Tim had failed to look
Before when he had sought him.

He licked the gathering foam from his lips,
And grinned, as he thought with glee,
Of that willow that grew aslant the brook;
But an angler there was baiting his hook,
A sorrowful fox was he!

"Hark to Ranger!" and "Hark to Bonny Bell!"
"The bandy-legged bitch hunts true!"
"Hark to her now!" With a note like a flute
She throws her tongue, and the rest follow suit
As they race from scent to view.

Off went the fox, with the hounds at his heels,
Captain and staunch Bonny Bell,
Past the alder-clump, through the sycamore wood,
Over the hill where the gallows then stood;
Oh! Horrible tales they tell!

Down the green lane to the turnpike they ran,
Into the village apace.
The geese on the green flew this way and that.
Mine host of "The Lion" bald headed and fat,
A grin on his jolly red face;

And the smith from his forge, with hammer and tongs,
(He left the shoe to grow cool)
With his 'prentice knave and his journeyman,
Ran after the hounds, and after them ran
The children, just out of school.

The church door stood open. In ran the fox,
Ranger and Bonny Bell too.
Into the pulpit and out, and around
The font, and over the side at a bound
Into Tim's own cushioned pew.

Just then the Parson came into the church.
A horrified man was he.
An old dog fox with his teeth gleaming white
Bay'd by a couple of hounds, was no sight
A Parson in church should see.

He whipt off the hounds with some little ado,
And shut them out of the door,
"Of a Sanctuary man, I have heard," he said,
"But never have heard, nor anywhere read,
Of a Sanctuary fox before."

When Tim reached the Church, "Master Parson," he cried,
"Hast seen a dog fox go by?"
"What with foxes should one of my cloth have to do?"
The Parson replied. But he thought of Tim's pew,
And he winked the other eye!

CORRESPONDENCE

A FUTURE SUMMER MIGRANT?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Although the sprightly little serin, a close relative of the canary and quite a well known cage bird in Britain, is still a rare and seemingly accidental visitor, it is quite possible that a very few more years will see him established as a regular nester in England. The history of the serin in Central Europe during the last eighty years is that of a triumphal march. Taking the Rhine valley, where reliable observers have been most numerous, we find that this Southern European bird was first seen there in 1843, when it was reported from Trier (Treves) on the Moselle. Eleven years later it appeared by Coblenz, and in 1883 reached Bonn, having advanced just over a mile a year in the interval. Twenty-one years afterwards (1905) it had covered the remaining twenty-one miles to Cologne, where it is now the commonest summer visitor, with the possible exception of the swift. The advance is still going on down the Rhine towards England, and I have seen small parties of them twittering in the treetops even at Dieppe, only sixty miles from Beachy Head. A little, yellowish, bespeckled greenfinch with a lemon-coloured bar across the rump, sturdily built, yet without the greenfinch's clumsy heaviness, the serin is a great garden-lover, and it is in city parks and avenues, copses, orchards and gardens that he lives all through the summer. In his choice of a home he is particular, keeping to the fresh green leaves which lure him northwards every April. He ranges fields and all kinds of waste land after food, but is content to leave the over-cultivated cornland to linnet and sparrow; at Cologne he also takes advantage of the open land which, since the British came, has been made sacred to golf. No other finch known to me has a song even slightly resembling the wheezy monotonous refrain, like a big bunch of keys vigorously shaken, which he utters with exasperating regularity from a perch in the tree tops. Even the "song" of the corn bunting, that might give him points for monotony, is but a feeble, hesitating imitation of the life and energy of his performance. Talkative little birds, hanging in the trees like redpolls, and all the time keeping up a musical clamour, the serins are all paired before, or very soon after, their arrival at their homes; but, like linnets, they are at the same time very affectionate mates and active members of a flock which has temporarily settled down for nesting; for the nests are often in small colonies, and I have found two in the same elder. It sometimes happens, too, that these colonies overlap, or are co-extensive with, those of greenfinches, but I saw no sign of any intercourse existing between them. There are two common situations for the nest; the first is in a bush, nearly always an elder, about five or six feet above the ground; the second, and probably much the commoner, is in the outer twigs of the lower horizontal branches of certain trees, the favourites being hornbeam and wych elm. These latter nests may be anywhere between six and twenty-five feet up, and from their position are far less liable to destruction than the others, which suffer very much from birds'

nesters and bird-catchers wishing to rear the young. The usual type of nest, built by the hen, is of moss, fibres, horsehair and dry grass, lined with horsehair and feathers; it is very small, one I measured having a cup only an inch and three-quarters in diameter. The eggs are very much like the greenfinch's, but smaller; some have comma-shaped rusty red markings as well as the usual spots. While the hen is sitting the cock is very attentive, now singing from some near-by tree, now flying in display like a greenfinch, with the wings faltering and apparently longer than usual, all the while singing and calling. But this is no one-sided entertainment for the hen, for at certain stages in the song she becomes worked up to a tremendous pitch of excitement, raising herself in the nest with fluttering wings and uttering a metallic, importunate note very like the hunger call of most nestlings. This responsiveness of the hen is a very serious danger to even a well hidden nest, and must often lead to the robbing of those which are accessible. If the nest is discovered the hen sits very close, and when she does leave dashes herself to the ground and flutters helplessly in the well known "broken wing" trick, flashing her lemon rump bar at every turn. If this happens in a colony or near another pair, not only her mate but any other members of the colony near will come and join in the outcry. Two broods seem to be usual; at any rate, I have seen birds building in late July just as busily as in May, and have seen young in the nest as late as August 17th. After their feathers have sprouted the young become very restless, keeping up a continual clamour for food, although they are sometimes kept waiting for it as long as twenty minutes. The scuffle when it is brought is very bad for the frail nest, which is trampled down flat and generally worn out. Once while watching through field-glasses a nest containing some well feathered young I saw the cock arrive with a beakful of small twigs which were laid on the side of the dilapidated nest. After the nesting season they wander in flocks and parties over waste lands, especially the old thistle-grown "dumps" which the war has left scattered so generously, and while the swallows are still feeding late broods in the nests the serins make an early start for the South.—E. M. NICHOLSON.

RAIDING A ROOKERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As I began to climb the tree the rooks flew at high speed, uttering little caws of surprise. I was puzzled, but proceeded to lift myself, branch by branch, towards the top. In less than a minute the rooks came back, reinforced in numbers. They had gone to summon the occupants of a neighbouring rookery, and now the full strength of two outraged rookeries was devoted to fascinating aerial acrobatics and raucous vocal objections to my intrusion. There was only one nest at the top of the tree. It was a straight-trunked lime, much easier to climb than the more robust elms which supported most of the nests. The attention of the rooks was concentrated on the solitary nest above me. They seemed to care little at the moment for the other nests

and their mottled eggs. I hugged the trunk and rested. Looking down, it seemed that I ought to have passed the nest at such a height. Looking up, it seemed that the nest was much higher from my position than it had appeared to be from the ground. While I hugged the tree trunk closely and steadied my trembling limbs, I was conscious of a feeling of pity for the rooks and felt strongly inclined to avoid causing them any further annoyance and to view the top of the tree from a more secure position. At 40ft. I regretted not having employed a steeplejack to obtain what I wanted, and 70ft. presented the fascinating aspect of 700. However, I had made known my intention, and I reckoned that if I failed to carry it out my consideration for the peace of the rookery would not sufficiently explain my lack of a trophy. Resisting the impulse, therefore, to return to modern man's normal plane, I restricted my gaze to my hand and foot work and mounted rapidly upward. The decreasing trunk apprised me of increasing altitude and I gripped succeeding branches more tightly. As I got near the nest the slim trunk swayed with my weight, but I knew that below the highest fork, which enclosed my object, it would not betray me. It was much easier climbing at the top, and quickly negotiating the remaining branches, I passed one arm through the fork under the nest, and 70ft. above the ground, as proud as I was previously hesitant, held on. The rooks' clamour ceased and gave way to a slight communal cawing. All throats became silent as I raised my free hand and extracted the contents of the nest—two precious eggs—and transferred them to my pocket.—O. N.

LURING THE JACKAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some few years since the late Mr. Gilbert, in a small station in Behar, told me that a certain tribe of Indian gipsies, when troubled by jackals, had a knack of calling the creatures out of their lairs in daylight and then killing them. He had learnt the trick from them. As I was sceptical he offered to verify his statement. He chose a field of Indian corn a few miles out of the station for his experiment. Arriving at the place he asked me to hide behind a tree as jackals are timid animals. He then proceeded to a small clearing, carrying in his hand a branch of dead leaves; then he emitted a series of jackal cries, now loud, now soft, in exact imitation of the animal. Then crouching on all fours he shook the branch, making the leaves rustle, keeping up the while a continuous growling as though enjoying a good meal, then he gave forth a long-drawn howl. In a few minutes a gaunt grey jackal appeared from the under brush, then another and another, all creeping closer and closer to Mr. Gilbert, till about seven or eight animals surrounded him. I called out, and every jackal scurried off.—N. C. G.

OTTER HUNTING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As the otter-hunting season has now begun, you may care to see this photograph of otter-hounds crossing a stream in Borrowdale.—HILDA SALWEY.



OTTER HOUNDS CROSSING A STREAM IN BORROWDALE.

CUCKOO SUPERSTITIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As the time of the singing of birds has now arrived and the cuckoo may be heard any day, I venture to send you some of the less common superstitions about this remarkable bird. If, on first hearing the cuckoo, the sound proceeds from the right, it signifies that you will be prosperous; if from the left, ill luck is before you. If there is a white hair on the sole of your shoe when you first hear the cuckoo, it is said that you will die before the year is out. There is a legend in Denmark that when the cuckoo is first heard every young maid asks him to tell her when she will be married. To this the bird answers with "Cuckoo!" for each year which is to pass before the event, or, in the case of those who are never to marry, the number of years is told before their death. In the same fashion old people ask how many more years they have to live, and the cuckoos are so taken up with answering all these questions that they have no time to build nests and have to make use of those made by other birds. When you first hear the cuckoo you must run as fast as you can for some little distance, or else you will be lazy for all the rest of the year.—M. E. S. W.

A LITTLE BUDDHIST LADY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your number of April 7th you published two photographs of the colossal Buddha at



THE GREAT BUDDHA LOVES FLOWERS.

Pegu. I hope you may like to publish another picture, also from Burma, of a Burmese girl bringing her offering of flowers to lay at the feet of "what they call the great god Bud." The picture seems to me a pretty one, and brings back Kipling's famous poem.—MANDALAY.

"FOXES HAVE HOLES."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am glad to read the letter from the Rev. S. Claude Tickell (Vicar of Stainton-cum-Hillaby, Rotherham), under the above heading, in your issue of March 10th. In writing my "Reminiscences of Cambridge in the 'Seventies and Since," in my notes of a great run with the Cambridgeshire Foxhounds on Friday, March 31st, 1876, are the following words, which I hope will find favour in the eyes of your correspondent and other readers of COUNTRY LIFE: "Had two magnificent runs. Finished with a kill in the first: ran into a drain in the second: everybody had enough of it. It has always seemed to me to be a very great shame to dig out a fox when he has gone to earth, after giving all concerned a grand run. On this occasion I believe he was bolted into the very teeth of the pack and bowled over, and yet finally escaped with his brush! I know the arguments used for the justification of what always seemed to me a very cruel and barbarous proceeding, about 'hounds needing blood,' etc. For this purpose some of us think that one 'kill' might have been sufficient. It is one of those matters on which, I suppose, opinions will always differ. I merely give my own." Some years ago I wrote a

letter on this same subject to the editor of one of our local journals, much to the same effect. I still retain my intense dislike of a practice which is—or used to be—far too common with one of our Shropshire packs. Let me thank Mr. Tickell, by your courtesy, Sir, for his timely and much needed protest.—HENRY COLLIER.

ARRIVAL OF THE RING OUZEL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The ring ouzel is the first to arrive of our summer migrants, but its advent is seldom mentioned, frequenting, as it does, the mountains and high fells. The first arrival noted this year was on March 13th, when it was seen on the Cumberland fells.—H. W. ROBINSON.

A FALMOUTH EPITAPH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending the enclosed, in case it may interest you. A native of Falmouth showed me this epitaph in Mylor churchyard, when I was visiting there this Easter—but it may, of course, be already known to you. I have fixed in the capital letters, etc., just as they appear.

"In Memory of
Mr. Joseph Crapp
shipwright who died ye 26th of November 1770
Aged 43 years.

Alas Friend Joseph
His End was Almost Sudden
As thou the mandate came
Express from heaven
his foot it Slip—And he did fall
help help he cries—and that was all."

—A. M. SNELLING.

OAKHAM AND ITS HORSESHOES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The town crest of Oakham, the interesting little county town of Rutland, is a simple horseshoe upon a shield. To it one of the strangest of old customs is attached. From time immemorial it was the right of the lord of the manor to exact a horseshoe from peers crossing his domains, or, in lieu thereof, a sum of money. This meant a re-shoeing, for no one could proceed upon the King's highway with horse unshod. From this the practice evidently grew for royal and aristocratic visitors to Oakham to come prepared with the horseshoe tribute. The shire hall or court house, which is the only remaining part of the castle, and formerly the banqueting hall, contains upon its walls an extraordinary collection of horseshoes of every size and condition. There is the shoe of Queen Elizabeth, an enormous contrivance made of rows of chain work and of no very correct shape. On a board, over the seat of justice, is that of the Prince Regent, and on either side those of Queen Victoria, King Edward, Queen Alexandra, the present Prince of Wales and Princess

Mary. Many of the donors have their shoes beautifully gilded and surmounted with crown or coronet. The sizes of the horseshoes are very diverse, some being modest and some extravagant—but there is a general indication, especially among those of an early date, that exalted personages sought to outshine each other in this strange game of forfeits. There is a smaller collection of much earlier and rustier shoes, the dates and donors of which have been lost. When one remembers that Cromwell made the castle his headquarters when fighting in the neighbourhood, it is strange that these relics should be preserved, and probably due to their abnormal size, for no horse could wear them. Oakham still retains its echo of the wayside gallows, in the "Swooning" bridge, at which many a barbarous execution was witnessed.—C. LEOPOLD CLARKE.

SHEEP OR GOAT?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of an extraordinary sheep or goat (it seems to be a



A FOUR-HORNED EWE.

mixture of both) found on the downs near Upper Sydling, by W. Dewfall, a shepherd. The animal, which is a ewe, has both the upright horns of the goat and the downward curving horns of the sheep. The fleece is of black, soft wool, about 6 ins. in length. I have heard that an authority on animals from Dorchester, has been to see this freak, or whatever it is, and has failed to classify it.—B. J. SHERRY.

[A good deal about four-horned sheep may be found in our issues of May 24th and June 21st, 1913. Professor Ritchie, at the end of an article on them, quotes the following from the old Statistical Account of Scotland, published in 1792: "It is not long since the sheep in this part of the country were of the four-horned kind; a few of which, it is said, remain still in some parts of Nithsdale. Their body is smaller, but their wool finer than that of the present breed. Their want of weight for the butcher and greater difficulty and danger in lambing have banished them from this place."—Ed.]

A PRETTY SPANISH SCENE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a picture, that I hope you may like to publish, of girls gathering dried cistus for firewood near Belgodere.—M. H. BICKNELL.



GATHERING DRIED CISTUS FOR FIREWOOD NEAR BELGODERE.

THE COCK ROBIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Robinson asks whether other readers have had experiences of cock robins to bear out his observation. In 1919 a pair of robins nested in an old kettle in my London garden, the male lending a constant bill to the construction of the nest. Unhappily, the female became egg-bound and, in spite of all I could do to save her, died. The grief of the male was obvious. All that summer he flitted about the garden like the shadow of a bird and used to sit hunched up on the fence for long periods without making a sound. I thought he was ill, but I am inclined to think that his remaining so continually in the garden and its close neighbourhood preserved by association his memory of his mate far longer than is usual in bird life, where memory of pain and loss is fortunately short. But mark what followed. Ever since that fatal spring, my cock robin has remained a constant widower. It has been easy to verify this because he drives every other robin out of the garden; he stays with us all the year round, being rarely absent for more than a

day or two at a time, and he cannot be mistaken for any other robin, because of a larger number of grey feathers in his plumage than most robins have. Another odd thing about him is that he rarely sings, except for the beautiful undersong that can only be heard a few feet away. I do not, of course, pretend that my robin is still mourning for his mate, I am merely giving the facts, of which I am pretty sure; for I always hope that he will find another mate and nest again with me, so that I keep a sharp eye on his movements during the spring, and had he a nest in another garden I must have noticed a change in his feeding and other habits. There are a number of robins in the district, so that he would have no difficulty in finding a mate. His conduct may be age, but it looks uncommonly like a distaste for wedded life, based upon a shock of which the unconscious memory abides.—H. J. MASSINGHAM.

P.S.—Since writing the above, my robin has found another mate, and they have finished building another nest in the kettle a foot below the old one. And now he sings like mad! —H. J. M.

RELICS OF OLD LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the photograph in your issue of April 14th of a portion of London Bridge, it may interest your correspondent to know that in the grounds of the Grosvenor Hotel at Swanage are a large number of stone fragments, pillars, capitals, and a large stone turret, which are also supposed to have come from there, but I cannot personally vouch for the accuracy of this.—HARRY S. WYNNE.

[With regard to landmarks of old London and their present homes, we have received information as to the whereabouts of the railings formerly round St. Paul's. The gates, as we mentioned before, are at Blenheim. The railings, however, were purchased by a wealthy Canadian gentleman, who, as a young man, had courted a lady by their side. For this reason he had them transported to their new home, but the ship containing them was wrecked off Newfoundland. At great expense, however, they were salvaged and now adorn his Canadian home.—ED.]

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS AND ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS

AN ATTRACTIVE OUTLOOK.

A WEEK ago I was writing of the more open situation in regard to the Derby. The Craven meeting was to follow at Newmarket, and, if the outlook was open and puzzling before it took place, it has certainly been made much more so by reason of what happened at headquarters. A week ago I was commenting also on the fact of Pharos having been beaten at Pontefract, while Parth had won the Greenham Stakes at Newbury in smashing style. Now let us note what has happened since. It is, I suggest, of some importance to do so, for the races for the Two Thousand Guineas and the One Thousand Guineas are due to be decided at Newmarket next week.

At that Craven Meeting it became known that Town Guard was not giving satisfaction in his work. There was no doubt about it. The colt had gone splendidly up to six furlongs, but was noticed to tire towards the end of a mile. The fact was revealed in his first serious gallops over a mile, and there could be no questioning one's eyesight, difficult though it was to believe it of this crack of last season. It may be that he is not as fit as his trainer had imagined, and in that event there might be hope for him, if not for the Two Thousand Guineas next week, then for the Derby. But, personally, I entertain a big doubt on that point, for he has been subjected to good work for some time past, and presumed lack of stamina could only be shown when the pressure is turned on in earnest.

Hurry Off, since last writing, put up a notable performance when he won the Spring Three Year Old Stakes under a big weight, giving 3lb. to Darragh, the victor over Pharos at Pontefract, and 9lb. to Legend, a colt held in some esteem up to that race. Hurry Off has gone the right way since his two year old days, and is now quite an imposing individual; but he was all out to win here, and the form may not be absolutely top class. Nevertheless, we have to regard him as a possible winner on Wednesday next. Then take the result of the race for the Craven Stakes, which was won for Lord Astor by his comparatively unknown colt Light Hand, by Sunstar from Third Trick, bred by the owner and trained by Alec Taylor at

Manton. To have any chance for the Derby, for which he has been well backed for some time past, he had to win this race, considering his big advantage in the weights. Top Gallant (the very smart Galante colt of last year) had to give him 15lb., which is a lot of weight for one three year old to give another at this time of the season when both are supposed to belong to the top class. Buchan succeeded in doing it for Lord Astor in 1919, but Pommern failed in 1915 against Rossendale, but yet was equal to winning with great ease the Two Thousand Guineas, New Derby and substitute St. Leger.

Well, Light Hand was not as good a favourite as Top Gallant, but that fact did not prevent him winning in smooth and convincing style. The paddock critics found him a well grown colt with a lot of character, rather too slack about the middle piece to be perfect, but still a colt of possibilities. He was not so backward in condition as so many people thought or he would not have been able to throw out such a strong and vigorous challenge when coming to the rising ground. It is that rise out of the Abingdon Dip that finds out the weak spot in any non-stayer or unfit horse and, therefore, I am satisfied that Alec Taylor cannot possibly produce Light Hand much fitter on Wednesday next than he was at the Craven Meeting. It is true that he will be all the better for the race as he has had such a minimum of racing in public. He also showed us that he can get the mile at Newmarket.

Lord Rosebery has a very nice colt in Ellangowan, beaten two lengths by Light Hand, but finishing a length in front of Top Gallant at an advantage of 15lb. He is a brown colt by

Lemberg, of medium size, and may do better another time, as he had to race on his own, which can never be helpful to a horse over Newmarket's very wide course. He is in the Two Thousand Guineas, but I see no reason why Light Hand, for one, should not beat him again. Saltash carried Lord Astor's second colours in the Craven Stakes, but does not look a colt of class, and in any case may never be much more than a short-distance performer. Friar's Melody is a much bigger individual, but he, too, will never stay when it comes to running.



W. A. Rouch.

PORTSOY, BY TRACERY—PORT, SUNLIGHT.

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with the best of his age. He is by Friar Marcus. That sire's stock are doing very well indeed this season, and, having so recently seen and written about the King's horse at Sandringham, his prominence as a sire at the present time is especially a gratifying matter.

Still dwelling on events that have so opened out the Derby situation, I may note the result of the Wood Ditton Stakes at Newmarket, when that consistent winner of the season, Pombal, failed to give 10lb. to Portsoy, owned by Mr. Mathuradass Goculdass, whose Parth won the Greenham Stakes at Newbury. Some people think Portsoy was all out to beat Pombal, but I thought he had always won cleverly, and possibly he might still have beaten Pombal receiving only 5lb. instead of 10lb. The point is that, at home, Portsoy is very substantially the inferior of Parth, the logical deduction being that Parth is a high-class horse. In that same comparatively small stable at Ogbourne they also have a filly that they think the world of, namely Suryakumari, unbeaten, and said to be just as good as a three year old as she was a two year old. All I know is that, should Parth win the Two Thousand Guineas or even run well for it, then Suryakumari will most probably win the One Thousand Guineas, in spite of the supposed superiority of Cos.

Now as regards the Two Thousand Guineas, what inferences are to be drawn from the running which has been commented on above? Is Twelve Pointer, also in the ownership of the Duke of Westminster and trained by Mr. Persse, appreciably better than Hurry Off? Some idea may have been gained this week

made to re-act in one way against both Twelve Pointer and Legality, and with Town Guard out of favour for the time being it would not be surprising to see the first of the classic races won by some colt by no means in the limelight last season. Perhaps the most consistent colt of last season was Papyrus and, knowing how well he has done in the long interval, I am inclined to hold him in the greatest possible respect.

Drake, too, was most certainly consistent and really ought never to have been beaten. In all the circumstances it is quite astonishing that a colt having won the Champagne Stakes and Middle Park Plate among other successes should not now be favourite for the Derby. Why? It is not easy to supply an answer. It may be that it became generally known that he had to be stopped in his work through meeting with some leg mishap. But, then, that was some time ago, since when he has been in strong work, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitburn have assured their friends that all is well with the colt. If he runs next week we shall know all about it. For the moment, however, it is beyond question that some of the shrewdest people do not seem to take his candidature seriously.

Pharos I have referred to. I am afraid he will not be good enough, and that if Lord Derby is to gain classic honours this year it will have to be with Tranquil in the races for fillies. Scyphus is brilliantly speedy, as he showed us at Newmarket the other day, but I cannot accept him as likely to win over the Rowley Mile in the best class. Miltiades, belonging to Mr.

Michalinos, has been intriguing his owner ever since he was tried last year to be supposedly a good one, but his credentials are not quite good enough, and, anyhow, he may have been seen out for the Esher Cup this week-end at Sandown Park. Portumna possibly falls short of the top class, and I have no belief in either of Sir John Robinson's Duncan Gray and Roger de Busli; while Greek Bachelor, belonging to Lord Queenborough, revealed his limitations last week in the race won by Portsoy, to which reference has been made above. The Duke of Westminster's Friar presumably does not stay, and in any case may not be in the same category as Twelve Pointer and Hurry Off, also, of course, belonging to the duke.

If a surprise be in store, it may be forthcoming from Knockando, a colt by Phalaris from a mare named Spear Bridge, owned by Lord Woolavington. This handsome bay horse has never seen a racecourse, but he has been going in fine style in his work, and whether he will be good enough or not on Wednesday it is certain that he will win races this season. My view is that the race, so far as we can interpret public form, will be won by either Papyrus or Parth. It badly needs this race and all that it must convey to clear away the mists that envelop the Derby. Not for years has it been so obscured; in other words, not for years has it had the same open and puzzling appearance with many owners at the moment entertaining serious hopes of winning it. Perhaps it is as it should be in the best interests of sport, but from a writer's point of view, however logical his mind, such a situation is intriguing to a degree.

That is why the race for the Two Thousand Guineas next week is invested with such exceptional interest.

I have marked the winner of the One Thousand Guineas as likely to come from one of the following: Brownhylda, Tranquil, Suryakumari, Solicitude, Ishtar, and the chosen of those in the name of the Aga Khan, namely Cos, Teresina, Iiara, Tricky Aunt and Paola. All that happened last season points, of course, to Cos, and, for aught that is known to the contrary, she may be relatively as brilliant now as she was then. But fillies are queer and mystifying creatures, and often have we seen them fail to train on. For instance, there was the case last year of Golden Corn. She had a splendid career as a two year old, overshadowing that of the best of the colts, but she signally failed for the One Thousand Guineas and has not won a race of any sort since.

Paola was a high-class filly last back-end, and nothing would surprise me less than to find that she is the better stayer as a three year old. But students of breeding might argue that neither Cos nor Paola is bred to stay. Tiara is a filly by Flying Orb from Donnetta, the dam of Diadem, and here, again, is a non-staying pedigree. Until Cos is beaten it would be foolish to look beyond her for the winner, but at the same time I suggest the chief danger to her, perhaps, indeed, the actual winner of the race, may be Suryakumari. What a remarkable thing it would be, by the way, were the Indian owner to win both races for the Guineas! Then would tongues and pens be let loose. There are more unlikely things.

PHILIPPOS.



W. A. Rouch.

HURRY OFF, BY HURRY ON—EDNA.

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on the private gallops, but there are other ways of drawing inferences. Should Twelve Pointer alone be sent to the post on Wednesday, then it may be taken as fairly certain that he is the better. Should Hurry Off go alone, then we may conclude that the stable companion is either not ready yet or that last week's winner is the better. For both to go to the post would be a confession that there is little or nothing to choose between them.

Parth, I know, is well in front of Portsoy, but I must say it will be instructive to note what policy is pursued with Lord Astor's entry. Light Hand, Bold and Bad and Saltash are in the race, and it would not surprise me to find Frank Bullock up on Bold and Bad, which would be accepted as an indication that this is the best of the three. Still, if I were in this owner's fortunate position I should not hesitate also to send Light Hand to the post. He may, of course, be the better, but only the race will settle that point as far as I am concerned. I am sorry My Lord is not in the race, because we should then have something more tangible to go on than mere hearsay, which is all in favour of Mr. J. B. Joel's son of Sunspot. I hope, by the way, they will find a minor race for him before he comes to compete at Epsom on June 6th.

We have heard little of Legality, but I know the grey colt has been going in great style in his gallops; and really I would much prefer him for the Two Thousand Guineas than for the Derby, because of his action and physique generally. Legality was not the outstanding best two year old, but he was a very smart colt all the same. The failure of Pharos this year can be

THE DOG

BY JOHN FERGUSON.

His name had been so long associated with success that when the sad news circulated, everyone said it must be the first stroke of bad luck that had ever come his way. His public reputation was really tremendous. Some few, a very few, who knew something of his private life would, at the mention of his name, shake their heads with a sigh and say he was a sad dog at times.

The accident happened on the Brighton road, late on Saturday night. He was motoring a merry party down to his country house near Crawley, for he was eminently social in his habits, and his wife no longer lived with him. At the moment he chanced to be thinking of the most trivial thing. One of the party had just called him—for something that does not concern us—a sad dog, and it brought to his mind the brown spaniel he had kicked for some offence, at Crawley, the previous week-end. Curious that his mind should take up so trivial a matter then! For the first night of his new mammoth *revue* at the Frivolity had just ended—a triumphant success. And all the theatres he controlled were doing splendidly. He had lately been knighted, too, for everything he touched turned into gold. And then, having touched that lamp-post on the Brighton road, as he was shot out of the overturning car, he himself was turned into clay!

For nine days thereafter you could read in the Press of his wonderful achievements, financial, social and dramatic. All said the nicest things about him—while at his funeral, his last appearance in public, as the evening papers put it. But our concern now is with his first appearance Elsewhere, and with Those who had said nothing about him—that was audible at least—for sixty odd years.

When he opened his eyes it was to find himself at the end of what seemed to be a long queue of all sorts of people. It rejoiced his heart to see them, for, being still dazed somewhat, he took it that they were there for one of his own productions, and though a long queue was no unfamiliar sight to him there was something phenomenal in this one, for it stood eight deep and stretched ahead further than the eye could see. Moreover, it was continually being added to behind him. Then he perceived that he himself was in the queue and he was surprised and bewildered, for though he was still shaken by that accident on the Brighton road, he did not yet remember it.

"Is this the pit entrance?" he heard someone behind him shout.

"Hush!" a lady said, reprovingly. "How thoughtless!" He agreed with her. But what was *he*, the theatrical magnate, doing in a pit crowd? Then he recalled the motor accident, and hastily inspecting himself to see what damage his clothes had sustained, was appalled to find himself *naked*!

Now, he had often proclaimed that he was no Puritan. Nudity in his own theatres had never shocked him; but a nude queue was surely overdoing it! For the first time in his conscious existence he blushed. Then hope rose as he saw a man with a commissionaire's face come sauntering along. This attendant would be sure to know him. He beckoned him over.

"Be good enough," he whispered, "to borrow a coat or something from the cloak-room for me."

But the attendant shook his head.

"Clothes are a mere convention," he said. "We are quite unconventional here, and all have to appear in a state of nature."

A state of nature! He knew the phrase so well. He was aware that that respectable body, the L.C.C., strongly objected to the successive approaches he had made towards it in his *revues*, and he wondered now as to what the Council could be thinking of to allow this sort of thing there. It disgusted him unpeakably.

But he still did not know why he was there. He looked about for someone whom he might ask. In front of him was an elderly lady who had bobbed her hair and who now seemed to wish she hadn't. So he didn't ask her. He cast his question into the air, as it were.

"Is this a good *revue*?"

The answer came—

"Rhadamanthus reviews all—good and bad alike."

"But who is Rhadamanthus?" he asked, a trifle disturbed.

"He is the Great Critic."

"A critic! Poof!" he cried with scorn.

"Oh, but he is said to be very critical indeed," the lady with bobbed hair remarked.

Still, his spirits rose, for though he had never liked critics, he had never feared them, and he wasn't going to begin now. If there was anything wrong—anything he wished left unsaid—anything to be passed over, why, the offer of a glass of wine and a good cigar always had been enough, and now—but suddenly remembering his nudity, he quailed.

"What happens—exactly?" he inquired uneasily.

"That, altogether depends."

Somehow the words disturbed him gravely—a new experience for him. He was so profoundly disturbed that he remained silent. And that also was remarkable in him. He would wait! This, also, was new. All this time the queue had been moving on in a steady stream, and presently he came in sight of a long

flight of narrow steps up which he could see each member of the queue mount, one at a time. Before he had reached the foot himself he had counted the steps, and there were 365. And then he caught sight of Rhadamanthus!

He was an old man with a long white beard like a flag, and he sat enthroned on a dais, his arms folded, while at the top of the steps each little naked figure stood before him on a little square platform like the diving board in the Marylebone Public Baths. At sight of that Figure what had been but vague disquietude passed at once into an active dread. For the first time in his long career he felt himself at a disadvantage. His famous self-assurance drained away curiously. He felt that without those smart clothes, which did so much for him, he would cut but a mean figure up there, and the bare notion of mounting all those steps, with Rhadamanthus at the top, and all those people behind, was appalling. For the first time in his life he hated publicity and longed passionately for obscurity. He was utterly bewildered, too, by this sudden overturning of his values and ideals, and could not adjust himself to it yet. However, he did what he could to make himself presentable, hastily smoothing the fringe of hair over the bald back of his head, and imparting an upward twirl to the ends of his moustache which had been drooping round the corners of his mouth.

Then he stepped up.

It was only when he attained the little platform at the top that he knew where he stood. One glance at Rhadamanthus sufficed. He was silent. He hung his head. For the first time since he had learned to articulate words he had not a word to explain things—to explain them away. And Rhadamanthus said not a word either. He just looked at him. Looked at him with his mighty hands on his hips and his arms akimbo . . .

Then with a nod Rhadamanthus judged him. With a nod! He did not even pull the strands of his mighty beard in a thoughtful consideration of his case. He simply flung up his thumb and indicated the left.

There was but one word spoken—

"Next," said Rhadamanthus. And his voice pealed through space like the roll of thunder among the everlasting hills. So he passed on, a little, timid, naked figure, down the steps on the other side.

But when he reached the bottom he received what was the first *pleasant* surprise of this new experience—the place was full of his friends. Men whom he had used formerly and whom he could, no doubt, use again. Not merely pressmen and personal press agents and producers and promoters and prompters, but even peers of the realm. Could it be that here, also, there was a Second Division? Or, perhaps, there was even bail for people of consequence, talent or substance! Ladies were there, too, a long sequence of them whom he had known. And animals also, some of which he remembered as having performed in his houses, and actors and actresses too, though they were not acting now. But above all it was the sight of the animals that pleased him. Not that he liked animals, not even horses or dogs—not even his brown spaniel down at Crawley, though he was sorry for that kick. No; but he was pleased to see them there, for he felt that if they were there it couldn't really be a bad place. And he wondered if, after all, he had misunderstood Rhadamanthus. He must ask someone. Then, as he looked about, he saw the brown spaniel careering wildly around as if searching for something, and this astonished him, for he had left the dog at his Sussex house the week before. But the dog must be dead, like himself, to be there at all! Sorely puzzled, he approached a group of old fellow clubmen. They didn't know him at first. But when they did they turned their backs on him without a word. Then he tried a few of less exalted condition, with more hope. They cut him dead. He approached an actor whom he had employed formerly and who was now standing with legs a-straddle, gazing moodily into vacancy. At the very sound of his voice the fellow wheeled away, and sitting on a rock began to swing one leg, glaring back at him.

"One must draw the line *somewhere*," he muttered. "And you—faugh!"

It was always the same wherever he went. They would have nothing to do with him, men and women—especially the women—with whom he had dined, and danced, and drunk, employed or hired. A sense of utter loneliness swept over him like a flood. As a forlorn hope he approached his earliest press agent, one Jim Puffers. Putting on as much assurance as he could now command, and knowing Jim of old, he slapped him on the back.

"Hello! Jim. And what sort of place is this to find you in? I find it just Hell myself."

At first Puffers eyed him most unfavourably, and seemed about to cold-shoulder him like all the others. But the lifelong habit of supplying news was too strong to break even there.

"It ain't that," said he, "it's only a sort of clearing house."

"They take a long time over it. Some of these have been forgotten for years."

"Yes," Jim agreed; "you see some of us had our good points, and things have got to be disentangled first. But your case is simple. You won't be kept waiting for it."

"For what?" he gasped. "What is it?"

"For the punishment that meets the crime."

And as he stood wondering what this could be, James Puffers touched his arm.

"Look there!" he said. "What did I tell you?"

And looking up he saw a tall dark figure come swooping towards him.

"Who is it?" he cried.

"A peer," said Puffers as he edged away, "a peer of *this* realm. If I know anything about you—and I know more than I ever sent out to the Press—you were always fond of peers."

They were the last words he was ever to hear from human lips. He was led away across the Limbo of the Waiting Spirits to a little gate in the high surrounding wall. When it was opened he saw a limitless wilderness of sand. He protested.

"There is nothing for a man to eat there. I shall die," he cried.

"You are dead already. You do not need to eat," said the dark angel.

"Excuse me, but there is no one to speak to there, no company, and the social instinct has always been strong in me."

"And who wishes to speak to you, my friend? There is not a soul, now that you are known for what you are, but turns his back on you in a pure contempt. Even while you were alive your wife, who knew you best, starved sooner than share your house. And now that you are naked, and have naught to offer any except yourself, what can you expect from others? Pass out, if you please."

Yet, as he stumbled through the wicket and saw the endless, arid and featureless desert, he stopped and turned for his last question.

"Where do I get to when I reach the other side?"

"You never reach the other side, for there is no other side to reach. You go on for ever and ever."

"Alone?" he cried.

"Alone," the angel echoed, and his tone was like the tolling of a bell. He made to shut the door.

The man turned his face to the desert, his head to his breast, his feet already heavy, his arms limp at his side. A few steps forward he had made when he felt something touch his hand. He looked down and saw it was the brown spaniel, wagging his tail with the joy of finding him at last, looking up with adoration in his soft, brown, limpid eyes, looking up at him as if he were a god.

He had stolen through the gate while the angel looked after the man.

"Hi!" cried the angel to the dog. "Come back, come back!"

But the dog went on with the man.

"FRENCHMEN"

SOME ARGUMENTS IN FAVOUR OF THE RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE.

SURELY no game-bird in the world has called down upon its head so many imprecations as the Guernsey partridge, commonly known as the red-legged, or French, partridge, and there are those (a rapidly dwindling number) who still maintain that its introduction to the British Islands was a great mistake. As it happens, however, the efforts of those who took so much trouble to establish in our midst the handsomely plumaged *Perdix rufa* have been quite justified, albeit in a manner that they themselves could never have dreamed of. Comparatively recent experience, dating from the time when driving largely displaced dogging and walking-up, has proved that the so-called "Frenchman" is quite an acquisition, and only those who still pursue their birds in the old-time style have any complaint nowadays against red-legs. No doubt birds which, in the majority of cases, prefer to run instead of fly do spoil dogs and disturb much ground to no purpose. But it is not fair to blame red-legs for the decadence in the practice of shooting over dogs. No less an authority than Lord Walsingham gave it as his opinion some sixteen years ago that the "Frenchmen" spoil the steadiness of dogs in the field; but we must look elsewhere for a reason to account for the change in shooting methods. The modern custom of sowing turnips in drills instead of broadcast is largely responsible for the altered condition of affairs, and to this must be added, first, the substitution of the scythe for the sickle, and then of the reaping machine for the scythe. Compared with the long, untidy stubbles left behind by the rough-and-ready use of the sickle in days long gone by, those of to-day are practically devoid of cover and, as we all know, not much good for holding birds so that they can be approached within gunshot.

Old writers were otherwise ill-informed as to the habits of the bird now under consideration. Even so late as the year 1879 Mr. J. J. Manley, in his "Notes on Game," stated that "red-legged partridges tended to oust our own breed." Here there is an accusation that has been proved over and over again to be entirely unjust. The red-leg does not interfere with the grey partridge, the two species frequently laying their eggs and hatching them successfully in close proximity, and occasionally the eggs of both birds have been found in one nest. On many manors where driving is practised, the "Frenchmen" are now encouraged in every way, and it is not found that this practice interferes at all with the welfare of the native bird. Much of the old-time dislike exhibited towards the red-leg was simply due to ignorant prejudice against a foreign importation—especially against a "Frenchman" in days long before the present cordial alliance with our gallant Gallic neighbours.

I have written above, as is generally written, *Perdix rufa*, but scientists place the red-leg in another genus and style it *Cannabis rufa*. The two birds differ in some minor points, besides the fact that the red-leg is considerably the larger bird. Unlike the common partridge, the other perches on hedges and trees, but not as commonly as the pheasant, always roosting, however, on the ground.

As a driven bird the "Frenchman" is certainly the equal, if not the superior, of the Anglian. He flies much straighter and, being a heavier bird, he often comes at a much faster pace, than his smaller companion especially when he has a good breeze behind him. The fact that he runs forward in front of the beaters is no disadvantage, for he must rise before he gets

to the guns; the noise of the firing in front of him or the knowledge that further advance on foot is impossible, while retreat is cut off, being sufficient to make him take to his wings at last.

But the red-leg's plan of campaign is ever to go forward if he can, and so, instead of swerving off to right or left or doubling back over the beaters' heads, as the English bird often does, the gallant "Frenchman" goes straight on over the last hedge, and so to the guns, offering an excellent shot. Red-legged birds also have a habit of advancing with a broader front than the grey partridges, thereby providing prettier shots and often enabling two or three guns to shoot at a single covey. English birds frequently bunch so close together in the covey that the whole lot passes over within range of one gun only.

It is interesting to note, in view of the comparative plenitude of red-legs in England at the present time, that the bird was with difficulty established in the first instance. It is stated in a note under "The Partridge," in Goldsmith's "Natural History," published some two hundred years ago, that red-legged partridges "have frequently been introduced into England, yet, from the indifferent success that has generally resulted from the experiment, it would seem as if the soil, or climate, or both, were not congenial to the constitution of that beautiful bird."

During the latter half of the seventeenth century, when Charles II was on the throne, several pairs of birds are supposed to have been turned down in Windsor Forest, but it is presumed, since nothing further was heard of them, that they found their surroundings uncongenial, as we may easily suppose. The red-leg, as we all know, thrives very well in a wooded district provided it can find plenty of cornfields and arable land in the vicinity, but, like the English bird, it does best of all where a state of high farming exists.

In his "Diary," under date 1665, the garrulous Pepys tells us that Sir Robert Long, secretary to Charles II, told him that partridges were plentiful in France, and that the King and a few other guns killed over one hundred and fifty brace at one bout on the plain of Versailles. These, however, were grey partridges, not Frenchmen, nor yet Guernsey birds.

According to Daniel ("Rural Sports"), the successful history of the red-legged partridge dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Marquess of Hertford established the breed in Suffolk. The bird has therefore been naturalised for nearly two centuries, and in that time has spread himself practically all over the kingdom. Now that he is encouraged and the older members of the family get killed off by driving—which rarely happened when birds were only walked up—the red-leg increases and multiplies faster than before, and has come to stay. In view of his sporting attributes and possibilities and the explosion of the old theory that the two breeds of partridge could not thrive together, this is a matter upon which the present-day and "up-to-date" shooter of driven birds may certainly congratulate himself.

Only in one respect is there anything to be said against the "Frenchman," and that is a matter which, being gustatory, concerns him only after he has played his part in the shooting field; for it is admitted by all those who have tasted and tested that, from a gastronomic point of view, the red-legged exotic cannot compare in flavour or tenderness with our own little brown bird of England.

C. C.

SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

THE INCREASING PREVALENCE OF WILD DUCK.

VERY few who travel about with open eyes will have failed to be struck by the large numbers of pairing mallard which have been flying around during recent months, haunting the spots chosen for their nesting. Possibly, the development is not as sudden as this remark would imply, but certain it is that a good many causes are at work to increase our country's list of attractions. In the rather older nature books we read of the draining of marshes and the consequent restriction of such water logged areas as formerly characterised the Fen district. Still later literature tells us of the clogging of streams, the neglect of surface drains and the reversion of sweet meadowland to a ranker system of herbage. The wet winter has emphasised these condemnations by showing us almost chronic stretches of lagoon marking the course of nearly all the lesser rivers. On estuary margins the walls laboriously erected in past centuries are falling into decay, so that the sea ebbs and flows where formerly stock was grazed or the shimmering ripples were due only to corn. From the point of view of nature study and sporting opportunities the neglect has many compensations, not least among which is the increasing stock of ducks. Those in possession of such areas might turn them to greater advantage by collecting all the early eggs and incubating them under hens. The mallard has the curious habit of being a bit too previous in its nesting arrangements, with the result that it brings the young brood into the world before insect life is sufficiently abundant for their maintenance. The second clutch, which follows the purloined first, thus emerges into life at a more congenial season. Incidentally, the process gives us authenticated specimens of the true wild duck, which is needed to replace the lethargic half-bred variety now that the Captive Birds Act enforces specimens of more vigorous flying propensities.

OTHER CONTRIBUTORY AIDS.

The advancing tide of civilisation is also performing its quota of service in the interests of wildfowl. Sewage farms are, perhaps, not a good case in point; for, although many of them have turned smiling fields into masses of filthy sludge, noticeably attractive to plover and snipe, the more modern system of round-about filter beds is perforce transforming the swampland features of these highly scented places. More to the point are the numerous pools which mark the site of earlier gravel pits, the pumps having been kept at work until such time as the cost of keeping the workings clear of water overbalances the value of the output. The modern steam bucket excavator, which prefers to work in water, is nowadays busily occupied in lifting ballast from the depths of ever-extending lake areas. Brickfields likewise leave pits which, when abandoned, form lesser sanctuaries for wildfowl. Then we have the multitudinous water-supply schemes, all



A WILDFOWL RESORT IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

involving their reservoirs, hence providing secluded spaces of water which form the daytime retreat of winter migrants. If ever the seductive dream of comprehensive inland water transport comes into being, further vast reservoirs must be provided, water supply being the one and only engineering difficulty. London's Welsh Harp pool is a canal feeder, and so is many another lake of unobvious purpose. Some time back I wrote about the services rendered to wildfowl preservation by the Barnt Green Fishing Club in Worcestershire, which had just bought the sporting rights over a range of canal reservoirs near the Lickey Hills. Views showing the extent of large pools can only in odd instances be obtained, except from the air, but in this case I succeeded in obtaining a striking picture of two out of their three pools. They are well patronised throughout the year, besides forming a resting place on the migration journeys.

THE PIONEER PHEASANT FARM.

I have paid a visit to Dwight's pheasantry at Berkhamsted, which has yielded a high dividend by way of interesting information gathered. There can be few persons who have not at one time or another noticed, when travelling on the North-Western route out of London, the winter-penned stock on the fields sloping down to the line. At this season the birds are located in a fold of the hills out of sight of the line, a series of fields being closely covered with pens, each some 24ft. square and containing its cock and carefully selected quota of hens. The Dwight family has good grounds for claiming to be pioneers in the industry of pheasant farming. They definitely claim a record of 120 years, but there are grounds for believing that pheasants were systematically reared by an ancestor considerably earlier even than that. The present Mr. M. Dwight, while in no sense crassly conservative, strongly favours the fixed pen as against the smaller kind, which is made in sections and constantly changed in position. He regards the laying season as none too long a spell for seven or eight birds to spend in the one enclosure, since this relative permanence not only enables the stock to settle down with a sense of being at home, but it permits the sides to be made of sufficient height to leave the top open. The price paid in labour is high, for the entire outfit has to be removed at the end of each season, to be re-erected in due course on an alternative area which has qualified by a long rest. That the system works well is sufficiently proved by the list of celebrated shooting domains which, for an indefinite period, have drawn their supplies from this establishment. On private estates the same system may, on casual examination, appear to be followed, but the difference lies between permanently installed pens, on the one hand, and, on the other, the more ramshackle and, therefore removable, outfit, which has many points of resemblance to the paraphernalia of a travelling circus. In other words, the wandering tendencies of the pheasant must be catered for by the provision of wandering habitations.



ONE OF THE PENS DEVOTED TO MONGOLIANS

THE ESTATE MARKET

SCOTTISH WRITERS AND FIGHTERS

DUNMAGLASS HOUSE, at the head of Strathnairn, Inverness, the ancient seat of the Chiefs of the Clan MacGillivray and originally the property of the Thanes of Cawdor, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for Colonel Frank W. Sopper. It is a sporting property of 13,855 acres, and marches with the moor and forest of Coignafearn, belonging to The Mackintosh.

Very rich in literary associations is Wolfelee, 3,000 acres in Roxburghshire, familiar to Scott, Burns and Ruskin. James Thomson, son of the minister of Southdean, in which parish part of the estate lies, wrote "The Seasons" in this locality. The "Guy Mannering" scenery is of the valley. From the farms Wolfehopelee and Hyndlee, Scott took "Charlieshope," and in James Davidson, farmer of Hyndlee, he found the original of "Dandie Dinmont." Ruskin, after staying at Wolfelee one autumn, wrote that the view up the valley to Windburgh Hill was the most beautiful he had seen in the United Kingdom. The estate is nine miles from Hawick, on the southern spur of the Cheviot Hills. The sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will include grouse and low ground shooting, and trout fishing in the Rule Water.

KENMURE CASTLE.

KENMURE CASTLE, the ancient seat of the Gordons of Kenmure and Lochinvair, who are of the same stock as the Gordons of the North, is to be sold through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The estate is two miles from New Galloway station on the P. and W. Joint Railway, eleven miles from Castle Douglas. The 14,700 acres comprise twenty-one sheep and mixed farms of from 95 acres to 2,400 acres, with good houses and buildings; many small holdings, and an ample provision of cottages. There are a grouse moor, three fishing and boating lochs, and nine miles of fishing in the Ken and the Dee waters. New Galloway is the administrative centre of the property, the factor being Mr. David Mitchell of that place. Loch Ken, fed a couple of miles south of New Galloway by the Ken River, is four miles long and presents views of great beauty. The Ken joins the Dee just below Parton station.

The old Castle, on a circular mount at the head of Loch Ken, is supposed to have been the residence of John Baliol. It was often attacked in the reign of Edward I, and was destroyed by fire in the time of Mary Queen of Scots, and during Cromwell's destructive usurpation. The Gordons of Lochinvair afterwards became possessed of it, and Sir John was created Lord of Lochinvair and Viscount Kenmure in 1633. The estate was forfeited in the time of the sixth viscount, who was attainted for his participation in the Rebellion of 1715, and lost his head on Tower Hill in the following year. A member of his family repurchased the property from the Crown, and the title was restored to his grandson in 1824 by Act of Parliament. The grounds are richly timbered, and the scenery of the Loch Ken region is admittedly among the finest in that part of Scotland.

To-day (Saturday), at Berwick, for the Earl of Tankerville, 7,000 acres of the outlying portions of the Chillingham Castle estate are to be submitted in lots, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

HAMPSHIRE AND SURREY HOUSES.

TWO Hampshire estates, each of approximately 1,600 acres, and within eight miles of each other, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. Cobb, at Alresford, on June 1st. The first is Old Alresford House, a fine Georgian mansion, built by Admiral Rodney about 1750. Old Alresford Pond, which goes with the house, and originally covered something like 200 acres, was made between 1189 and 1204. The estate was held by the Nortons in the seventeenth century. The arrangements of the house are modern, with a garage and park land. There are trout and coarse fishing and wild duck shooting. The farms, ranging from 162 acres to 565 acres, are in hand, with the exception of 300 acres, and form renowned partridge shooting ground. The estate includes woodlands, water meadows and watercress beds. This is being offered in conjunction with Mr. Frank

Stubbs. The other is Brockwood Park, for sale by order of the personal representatives of the late Daniel Coats. Considerable sums have been expended on this estate, the modern cottages having cost £1,000 apiece before the war. Some 1,000 acres of this are in hand, and the owners are very anxious to find a purchaser.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons have fixed May 17th for the auction of Siddinghurst, Chiddingfold, a residential and sporting estate of 238 acres, including the old house. On the same date they will offer High Ashurst, near Box Hill, formerly the Surrey seat of the Earls of Harrowby, a mansion high up, adjoining Headley Heath, and having over forty bedrooms, adapted for the purpose of a country club.

Messrs. Squire, Herbert and Co. have sold an old-fashioned Surrey property, known as Old Well Cottage, Coulsdon, Chipstead; White Lodge, Kingsbury; and Spring Place, about 9 acres at Bexley, with water gardens of some note.

WEST COUNTRY SALES.

BESIDES their Southampton office, Messrs. Fox and Sons have now as many as six branches in Bournemouth, where their principal place of business is situated. On June 5th and 6th, at Camborne, the Cornish estate of Clowance will be dealt with by the firm. The house and 560 acres, and 1,300 acres of outlying land, will come under the hammer. Houses in West Overcliff Drive and Chine Road, Bournemouth, will be submitted locally on May 3rd; and at an early date Castle Hill House, Shaftesbury, with 3 acres, is to be disposed of.

Cornish property, Trevella, St. Erme, four miles from Truro, 145 acres, has changed hands through Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin; also Cox's Mill, 56 acres, between Burwash and Heathfield.

Timewell House, 40 acres, on the Devon and Somerset border, and other country and outer suburban houses, with in most cases a few acres of land, have been sold by Messrs. Harrods, Limited, during the week, as well as a town house in Queen's Gate. They are to dispose of Hayne House, Plymtree, Devon, a Queen Anne house and over 200 acres. The price is roundly £5,000. Barton Seagrave Hall, Kettering, is in the hands of the firm. It is a house in the Elizabethan style, with 66 acres, and will be submitted at Brompton Road on June 12th.

The Princess Ghika's Villa Gamberaia, Settignano, five miles from Florence, with 55 acres, is to be sold by the Brompton Road firm.

A BISHOP'S LAWSUIT.

NORFOLK sporting land, Burnt Fen Broad, four miles from Wroxham, has been sold for £3,700, after keen competition, by Messrs. Spelman. There is a large combined cottage surrounded by 72 acres, of which 15 acres are private water, teeming with pike and other fish and first-rate for wild duck. The bittern, the bearded tit and other rare birds seek the shelter of Burnt Fen. In the reign of Charles I the Bishop of Norwich went to law with the owner over the right of free fishing. The Bishop proved that the broad had occasionally been restocked with bushels of bream. Though he was unable to produce documents, which had been "consumed by a fire happening in Ludham House, perished and lost by the carelessness of them that had the custody of them," he seems to have won the day, for it was from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners that the late owner bought Burnt Fen, as it was once styled, Bron Fen.

Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks, in conjunction with Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, have disposed of the Lillingstone Lovel estate, Buckinghamshire, which extends to 1,600 acres and includes a beautiful old manor house, seven farms and various small holdings, and the village of Lillingstone Lovel. The property, in the possession of the Delap family for generations, is situated in the centre of the Grafton Hunt, adjoining Wakefield Lawn. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have in the last few days resold the estate.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have, in conjunction with Messrs. Goddard and Smith, disposed of Avonside, Barford, near Warwick, on the banks of the Avon, with

grounds and paddocks of 13 acres. The Rugby firm is also selling Woolscott Manor, near Rugby, with hunting stables and 132 acres; Woodlawn, in the Loose valley, near Maidstone, 11 acres; Collett Hall, Ware, 5 acres; and Westlands Farm, 11 acres, at Ewhurst. Another Ewhurst property in the market is Ewhurst Place, 110 acres, a house having a lot of old oak carving and panelling, on offer by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior.

The late Countess Scalzi's Kensington house in Palace Green is to be sold next month by Messrs. Chesterton and Sons. It overlooks Kensington Gardens, and has grand reception rooms and a fine marble staircase.

Winston estate, on the Durham and Yorks borders, lately the property of the late Lord Brownlow, was offered for sale by Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners by auction in March. Several of the forty-four lots were sold under the hammer, and now the whole estate has changed hands. Including the minerals, the average price per acre amounts to £40. Fairacre, Axminster, a freehold, has been sold by the firm, whose York offices have sold eleven freehold farms this month, varying from 55 to 305 acres.

OLD FURNITURE AND PICTURES.

CHIPPENDALE armchairs, Hepplewhite standard and shield back, Jacobean and old oak chairs are a feature of the catalogue of the contents of Whitestaunton Manor, near Chard, and twelve miles from Taunton, to be dealt with on Tuesday, May 1st, and following days by Messrs. Lane, Saville and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. W. J. R. Greenslade and Co., by order of Mr. F. Bayard Elton and Mrs. E. Elton. There are specimens of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton cabinets, tallboy chests, and a couple of Tudor bedsteads, court cupboard, ten dower chests, bookcases, Bible boxes and panelling. Old Oriental porcelain is to be offered. Two suites of English made Louis XVI furniture, leather screens, grandfather clocks, and a variety of other articles of rarity and value are to be sold. Illustrations of some lots appeared in these columns last week (page xli). Oil paintings by or attributed to Gainsborough, Lely and other masters, including Claude Lorrain and J. S. Copley, will no doubt be eagerly competed for.

Sheraton and Chippendale wardrobes, a great assemblage of Louis XV furniture, with kingwood, Sheraton writing and occasional tables, mahogany and oak suites, gilt fauteuils, chairs and settees, and boucle cabinets will be lotted in Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's catalogue of the contents of Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, by order of the Dowager Lady Michelham. A three-quarter-length portrait of the Countess of Essex by Sir Joshua Reynolds is among the paintings, which include a landscape with figures and buildings by Jakob Ruysdael, and pictures of the Grand Canal at Venice by J. M. W. Turner, and of Pope's Villa, Twickenham, by Samuel Scott, and two interiors by Teniers. Lely and Watteau and other famous names appear in the list of works to be submitted. The auction will begin on Monday, May 28th, and occupy practically a week. Some of the items were illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE last week (page xxix).

The executors of the late Lord Marcus Beresford have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to dispose of the old English and French furniture, rare prints and family plate at Bishopsgate, Englefield Green. The sale in June includes Jacobean, Chippendale and Sheraton tables and bookcases, bronzes, paintings and engravings of racehorses, and a collection of china.

An old Elizabethan oak cupboard and other antiques are to be sold by Messrs. Battam and Heywood at No. 37, Queen's Gate on May 3rd, the firm having sold the freehold.

Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, have deferred the auction of No. 5, Palace Green, Kensington, from May 1st to May 29th and following days. They have privately sold Millbrook, a Willett-built house in Eton Avenue, Hampstead. Their sale on May 22nd will include Woodfield House and 12 acres, between Hendon and Kingsbury, an old-fashioned freehold, with walled gardens. They quoted last week (page xlii) for a freehold modern house and 4 or 5 acres at Northwood Common, close to the golf course, £6,500. ARBITER.



Engraved by H. Macklin

CROSSING the BROOK.

To Sir John Fleming Leicester Bart. this Print is respectfully inscribed by his most obedient & devoted humble servant
H. Macklin

But one step more to not go back
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But one step more to not go back

And tell your dearest where you're born
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